VOLUME 154 NUMBER 14

## LOOKING FORWARD

As THE LONDON conference drags out its weary length, signs multiply that no matter what interest the ordinary citizen may have had in it at the start, he now is decidedly bored. The discussions of the experts abroad are difficult to grasp and the varying motives and political necessities of the different delegations are confusing.

So FAR, the only thing he has gathered is that if any limitation does result, this country will have to build still more warships in order to reach it. That seems to him like being handed a lemon in return for an olive branch. And he is properly disgusted with all nations except, of course, his own. What, he wonders, has become of all the talk about no more war?

WELL, LET'S BE FRANK about it. The Congress of the United States and the elected officers of our Government in Washington care no more to take the very real political risk involved in honestly devising practical machinery for securing peace than do the elected representatives of other nations. They will vote for Kellogg pacts without teeth just as they will vote for Volstead acts without appropriations. They will outlaw war with high sounding phrases just as they will outlaw liquor by high sounding statutes. But actually to recognize the problem presented by both and to begin to control them so as to secure peace and temperance—that is dangerous, politically, because they feel that the man in the street will not yet wholeheartedly support them if they blaze new trails.

WERE THIS NOT SO, President Hoover—no matter what his reservations concerning other nations—presumably would be bending every effort to devise practical machinery for assuring peace that would allow nations first to limit arms and finally to do away with them. The nations of the world cannot break down war machinery without building up peace machinery. Until the man in the street is willing to do something about securing peace, he won't get real reduction in armament.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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EDITORS
Francis Rufus Bellamy
Parkhurst Whitney
Henry F. Pringle
John T. Hackett
William T. Adee
Rodman Gilder

ASSOCIATES
Malcolm Waters Davis
Helen Chandler
Walter R. Brooks
Harold T. Pulsifer
Frances Lamont Robbins
William O. Scroggs



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*MAMMY*

*An etching by George (Pop) Hart*

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Outlook
and Independent
April 2, 1930

# Wanted: A Grenfell

## *Medical Needs of the Southern Negro*

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

*For a number of reasons, which are set forth in this article, the rural Negro of the South can expect little or no modern medical care in time of sickness. The consequences, as observed by the author, are harrowing. Mr. Rutledge is a frequent contributor to the magazines*

WHEN PETER SMALL came to see me, I was shocked at the change that had come over him. Almost from boyhood days he had been something of an athletic hero to me, this Negro woodsman of the picturesque wilds of the Santee, my home in the hinterlands northeast of Charleston, in the Carolinas. Tall, handsome, gentle as those who live close to nature know how to be gentle; strong, capable of enduring great hardship, keen in woodcraft, a matchless tracker and guide, this man of ebony had always been to me an admirable type of the Negro hunter, inferior in no way to the proud and intelligent Cherokee who had preceded him in these same fragrant wildwoods and on these same beautiful lonely waters. There had always been to me something leonine and noble about the strength of body and the integrity of character of Peter Small.

When, after an absence of a few years, I returned to the plantation, my friend Peter was one of the first people to come to see me. A pitiful shadow of his former self, he came walking mournfully into the yard; his walk was that of a doomed man. Gone were the self-reliance, the alertness, the lithe panther-step, the light from those fathoming eyes.

"Cap'n," he said, as I shook hands with him, "you don't mind if I keep my cap on?"

I did not mind, but I knew it was my business to know why he did not remove it. I found later that he did not want me to see and to be concerned over the ghastly hole, a quarter of an inch in diameter, just below the center of his forehead. The bone of his upper nose was tubercular; infection had spread to his skull, and the consequent suppuration was constantly running into the poor fellow's eyes.

The description is, I know, not pleasant. But it is necessary if we are to understand the present plight of the Negro of the rural South as I have known it—a plight so pitiable as to stir any heart capable of compassion.

I asked Peter how long he had been afflicted.

"About three years," he told me.

"Has a doctor seen you?"

"No."

Would a doctor ever see him?

"No."

What is there for a man like this to do?

There was nothing for him to do but to lie down and die—and die he did.

Why did he thus perish? Because the South has no Wilfred Grenfell.

I had heard that a Negro boy named Willie Fraser was bedridden, and I went to see him in his little home far back in the wastelands beyond the plantation fields. Stretched on a cot before the open fire in the cabin, Willie held out a frail hand to greet me. For three months he had been down, and in great agony, with acute inflammatory rheumatism. His childish body was emaciated, but, as is apparently often the case, his spirit had developed under his affliction. He spoke to me in a grave and manly fashion, and asked me, as if asking a favor, whether I could not assure him that he would soon die.

Had he had medical attention? None. Had any attempt been made to change his diet? No. Could he sleep? Very little.

I tried to make arrangements to have him taken to a hospital in Charleston, forty-five rough pineland miles away. But most plantation Negroes are terrified at the mention of a hospital, regarding it as a place of vital experiments; and some of them prefer to suffer at home rather than to "fly to dangers that they know not of." In this case there was some delay, during which the patient died.

At a certain gathering of the Negroes at Christmas for the singing of their mournful and beautiful spirituals, I missed the voice of Annie Gaillard, an alto of surpassing sweetness, having in it—so it had always seemed to me—that moonlight of melody which is ever more haunting and glamorous than the clear sunlight of a soprano.

"Where's Annie?" I asked, during a pause between the rendering of "Galilee" and "I Shall Never Be Removed."

"She's been sick since harvest-time," I was told.

The following Sunday I visited Annie. Her husband is a trapper—a profession offering in that region but a meagre return. In the family are four or five small children.

When I entered the house, which con-

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sisted like most Negro houses of but two rooms, the patient mother was seated in front of the fire. Her husband was curing some fresh pelts that he had caught. The children, helpless to help their mother, stood about in pathetic inactivity.

The humble family made me welcome, and I sat down beside Annie, asking her to tell me of her trouble. Her manner of telling me was as elemental as it was unintendedly dramatic. She swept aside a blanket which had been covering her knees, revealing her legs and feet bare. Her legs were four times their natural size, and her feet as well. Here was a case of acute Bright's disease, aggravated by deep-seated pellagra—the latter attributable to poorly balanced diet. Annie told me with colossal calm that she had not slept for three weeks.

"If I could get to Georgetown and sell these two 'coon hides," her husband said, "I might make out to buy some medicine for Annie."

Florence, the eldest of the children, said that one of the women of the settlement came every night to sit up with her mother. But Bright's disease and pellagra will not yield to sympathy. Annie seemed to me to have no chance whatever. I listened impatiently to some vague talk of help to be had from a wandering Negro druggist who was reported to be peddling prescriptions in those backwoods. Nothing could save Annie Gaillard but the best care of a modern hospital, and that care she could never dream of having. Yet the peasant of Newfoundland has it, and the fisherman of Labrador. In all the wide and beauteous South, proud of her history, rich in glamour, proud even of her present anomalous hurry of so-called progress, rich in bishops, sensitive as no other part of the nation is sensitive—charitable, too—in this earthly paradise festers the neglected Negro, with no Grenfell to save him.

It is not to be thought that my view of this distressing problem is the result of a narrow experience on my own plantation. I am pretty well acquainted with the rural Negro along the whole of the south Atlantic seaboard; and the conditions which have been mentioned are, I believe, typical of his plight. Being not especially informed of the Negro's health-conditions in the cities, I refrain from comment—except to say that it is reasonable to suppose that if a race is diseased in the rural districts, its condition in congested districts is probably worse. Whatever may have been its original stamina, the Negro race is now one peculiarly liable to disease. I believe that ethnology teaches that in the contacts of unequal races, the secondary race is peculiarly liable to succumb to those vices and those diseases against which the dominant race has, by slow inoculation, gradually fortified itself.

Except for smallpox, and for certain forms of itch—associated sometimes with the bacteriological parasites producing the hookworm—the Negro is generally free from skin-diseases. As far as my observation extends—though it is but as a layman that I am qualified to speak—the Negro is far less a sufferer than the white man from those diseases of the intestinal tract which are traceable to a pampered life. There is comparative freedom also from nervous disorders, except those which are syphilitic in origin. Two Negro men I know were this year committed to the state asylum because of dementia produced by syphilis of the brain.

The hydra-headed demon syphilis, together with its related furies, all other forms of venereal disease—these plagues constitute the greatest menace that the Negro race in America now faces. Statisticians hold that sixty-five per cent of the black race have this insidious infection, as against twenty-seven per cent of the white race. Whether the difference in these two percentages is due to the superior resistance of the white or the inferior morality of the black, it is in the reader's equity to judge.

With the advance of the science of medicine venereal diseases have lost that fatalistic, Biblical, and gloomy hold that they formerly had upon the imagination of mankind; most of them are distinctly curable; and while syphilis is still insidious and terrible, especially in the matter of its persistence from one generation to another, the ogre has been tracked to its lair, and is comprehended. Whatever loses its mystery loses most of its dread power.

Nevertheless, a Grenfell in the South would have to anticipate and to accept as inevitable the fact that most of his work will have to be done against the ravages of these obscure and intimate and, in a sense, disgusting afflictions.

Not long ago I was talking with an old country practitioner of the South about this very subject. "My white patients," he said, "don't want me to take these other cases for fear of infection. Nor can you blame them. The Negro's physical condition is the result of his habits; and you will not get him physically better until he is morally better. The minister ought to precede the doctor; religion ought to go ahead of medicine. That's the way the English go after the same kind of problems in Africa. Do you know," he asked, "that in the later years of slavery there were almost as many Negro communicants of the Church of England in this parish as there were white communicants? Say what you will against the old slaveholders, but the fact remains that they did more to evangelize the black folk than any one has done since. And the Negro in slavery was not diseased. That condition has been conferred on him by glorious freedom."

I asked him if he did any practice among the rural Negroes.

"Almost every day," he said, "but there is not only no financial return, but very little favorable physical reaction, the reasons being that medicines are not intelligently given; Negroes can afford no diet foods; and the whole sanitary system of these poor people is an ally to every disease that comes their way. What they need is a hospital of their own, with competent nurses, a good staff, and one of these devoted missionary doctors at its head—a man like Sir Wilfred Grenfell.

"Tuberculosis is his arch enemy," he continued, "and drinking bad water from ditches and rain-pools and shallow wells gives many a Negro typhoid fever. But I could really do a good deal for these people but for one thing. They never come in time. I am seldom asked to come to see a Negro whose plight is not beyond my power of relieving. Often I have been called in typhoid after perforation has occurred and peritonitis has set in. Because tuberculosis, for some singular reason, seldom in its early stages depresses the patient, I rarely am called in to see a tubercular Negro until he is doomed."

"Why don't they come for help earlier?" I inquired.

"There are two reasons. One is that they pay no attention to danger signals, to slight ailments. They do not because they are ignorant and because their lives are never pampered. The other is that they are humbly conscious of their utter inability to pay a doctor.

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'Doctors is for white folks,' one of them said to me when I told her that she should have called me in earlier."

"Why is tuberculosis so prevalent among them?"

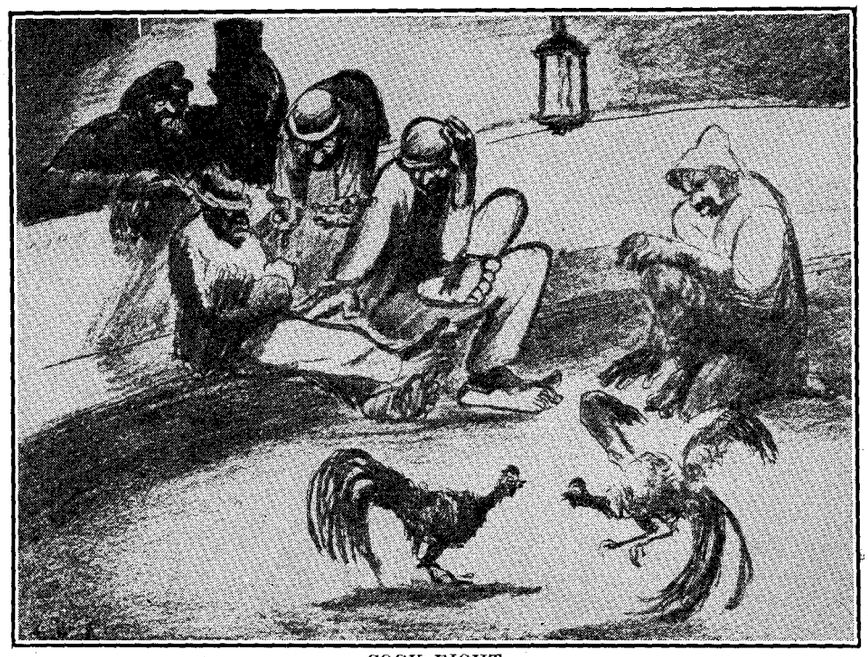
"Small cabins, overheated stoves, poor clothing, poor food. A Negro will bask by a fire; then he will walk out into the rain or wind with no overcoat. The chances are that he doesn't have one."

"What," I asked, "would be the attitude of the native white population toward an enterprise such as you mention—a hospital for Negroes alone?"

My friend looked at me keenly. I had touched on a delicate point.

"Why do you ask me that?" he said. "You are a native yourself."

It can hardly be denied that the South still recollects the Civil War, and the war measure freeing the slaves, an edict which not only manumitted about four million Negroes, but put upon the South the dolorous responsibility of caring for these people who had, and still have, little sense of responsibility toward their own welfare. As long as they were in slavery, they were at least controllable. But those same masters who used to care for them in consideration of the modest labor they supplied, were suddenly confronted, in the midst of the fearful collapse of their own civilization, amid a thousand perils, with the infinitely difficult and unrewarded task of caring for millions of freedmen, some of them drunk with the new wine of physical freedom. As a southerner, I have shared the silent resentment of the South over this imposition; for it has always appeared to me that the slaveholders, ruined economically through a loss of their slaves, should not have been expected to assume the task of supporting those to whom they were no longer obligated. The abolitionist should have followed up his own work. But the former masters were compassionate, even in their ruin; and it is not too much to say that there is hardly a white family of the rural South which, since the Civil War, has not literally pensioned, in one way or another, from one to a score of Negro families. A natural pride in this charity has created a curious jealousy over interference from other sources, as if such interference meant criticism; and a feeling of distrust, not of the genuine spirit behind such assistance, but of the ability of its proponents to preserve that delicate and indispensable balance between the races which is essential to law, order, and civilization in the South.



*COCK FIGHT*
*A lithograph by George (Pop) Hart*

For the reason just stated the average southerner regards with little enthusiasm the noble experiments at Tuskegee and at Hampton; and he wonders whether it is not England's dexterous sagacity which has provided for no Tuskegees and no Hamptons in Uganda, in Somaliland, and in Tanganyika.

Any Grenfell who goes into the South for the purpose of ministering to the Negroes will be most cordially received by the whites if he has the cultured perception to leave behind him utterly the beautiful, vote-winning, academic fallacy of the equality of human beings. He may be a medical missionary, but not a politician or a reformer or a meddler in the perilous matter of unbalancing the present *status quo*. In short, he will have to southernize his opinions; and in doing so he need not in the least dread that he will dehumanize himself. About no subject in the world is the South so sensitive as about her handling of the problem of the races—which is a real problem, after all. She has, after difficulties of which it is useless to complain, at last established what resembles a definite caste system. It appears sensible, practical, humane, permanent. The real Negro *is* different; and he is most at his ease when he is treated differently; for then he has a definite place. "There can be no order without subordination" is the principle which has guided the South in her attempt to achieve a new civilization of white supremacy; not a hybrid and piebald Harlem mess, but a civilization with the integrity and the dominance of the Anglo-Saxon race as its keystone. We have but to look to Bermuda to see that the English have done the same thing; and we have but to look to Haiti and Santo Domingo to discover what happens if a different course is followed.

Because of the sensitiveness of the South over the race question, Grenfells from the North will have, unless they are gifted in the delicate arts of human diplomacy and strategy, a far more difficult task than that which first confronted Sir Wilfred amid the icebergs. It would be unfair not to warn them that they will encounter prejudice, of a kind to be met only by candor and the spirit of kindly adjustment.

So intimate is the present contact between North and South; and so salutary is the arrival of mutual understandings, that it is altogether possible for certain missionary projects designed for the welfare of the Negro to receive the co-operation of the South. Immediately after the Civil War there was too much chaos and there were too many wounded sensibilities on both sides to admit of a truly beneficial

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# Laws for All the World

By JONATHAN MITCHELL

*Can the world be brought into a state of comparative amity under a code of international law? The course of the London Conference does not offer much immediate hope: but if it fails, there is the meeting of representatives of the nations at the Hague for those who will continue to believe that our civilization can be managed in an orderly, peaceable fashion. Mr. Mitchell was formerly London correspondent of the New York "World"*

PARIS, in the early spring of 1919, was a tremendously exciting spot. Woodrow Wilson had made his first, glorious speeches, and for a while, it seemed as if almost anything might happen. At the beginning of the Peace Conference, Paris was filled with a passionate, moon-struck crowd who believed that somehow, in the future, the world was going to be a different place.

All around were uniforms. Italian cavalry officers—reputedly brought by Baron Sonnino to charm the American and English wives—glittered on the boulevards. In the corridors and anterooms, everywhere, were sour-faced lieutenants of the pious Maréchal Foch. French infantry, with fixed bayonets, surrounded the hotel of the German delegates. All these uniforms, and the things they stood for, must go.

Four horrible years of warfare had demonstrated that the nations of the world, in their dealings with one another, possessed no more morals than a western mining camp. To certain of the followers of Woodrow Wilson, the world seemed painfully like a sort of glorified Poker Flat, where, when you had a quarrel, you went behind the saloon and shot it out. Before there could be any decent, human living, some rough-and-ready kind of international law must be brought in, and the nations must be made to give up their six-shooters.

It is now almost exactly eleven years since those mad, hopeful days in Paris. With all respect to the London naval conference, very little so far has been accomplished towards disarmament. We are now to find out, in the next few weeks, whether it is going to be possible to frame a code of world law. The first meeting of the nations for that purpose, under the auspices of the League of Nations, was opened a few days ago in the medieval Ridderzaal, at The Hague, with appropriate ceremony. The delegates have since adjourned to Mr. Andrew Carnegie's more comfortable Peace Palace, where they have before them three groups of proposed laws, most of which have great importance.

One law, for instance, makes it illegal for us ever again to demand compensation, after some bloody riot or insurrection in the Caribbean, for American lives and property. Another law stamps the present Soviet government, for its repudiation of Russia's public debt, as little better than a gang of brigands. Both these laws belong in a group which, in the technical jargon, is known as "responsibility of states." A second group proposes to fix every one's nationality, and make it impossible for European boys to escape military service. The final group sets up various rules of the sea which, among other more serious things, will permit our revenue cutters to fire upon fleeing rum-runners.

In one respect, this conference is completely unique. A number of the plenipotentiaries are women. Many months ago, feminists learned that certain of the nationality laws would concern women. Miss Doris Stevens of New York at once went to Geneva, where preparations for the conference were under way, and demanded that women by given an authoritative voice in everything which affected their own status. Miss Stevens, at that time, had just been nominated by our Secretary of State as chairman of the Inter-American Commission of Women, a juridical body of women selected by the governments of both North and South America. Latin American countries offered their support to Miss Stevens, and the Assembly of the League of Nations passed a resolution urging the governments of the world to include women in the delegations sent to The Hague.

The League, from the beginning of its existence, has had the up-building of international law as one of its great objectives. The First Commission of the League was created in 1920 largely for this purpose. After four years of inaction, the First Commission met at Geneva, and named a sub-committee of legal experts to do all its work. This sub-committee was chosen with care, for this was to be a truly world undertaking, and every existing legal system was to contribute to it. To represent the millions of people who base their law on the sacred books of the Koran, Sir Muhammed Rafique, an eminent Indian judge, was appointed. Apparently the British did not think much of this liberality, for during the subsequent proceedings, an undersecretary of the India Office in London, named Turner, acted as spokesman for India.

The committee of jurists faced a solemn task. It had become their duty to create rules by which this vast unruly civilization of ours can proceed in an orderly manner. Somehow this must be done. If we cannot find a way to do it, probably we had all best give up, and go back again to living in caves. If we cannot somehow stave off another world war, we shall all be living in caves anyhow—those of us who survive. As any military authority will tell you, there won't be much else left to live in.

Almost at once it became evident that the committee of jurists had little stomach for its tremendous job. It announced hurriedly that it would not consider any of the problems connected with war and belligerency. In 1926, after deliberating for two years, it drew up a list of subjects which it was willing to codify. On the list, among other things, were piracy, the various ways of drawing up a treaty, and, finally, a subject entitled, "exploitation of the products of the sea," which is an international jurist's way of saying fish.

Our American State Department, to its great credit, entered a protest. Piracy, it was pointed out, had ceased to be a practical problem with the hanging of Captain Kidd in London Dock, some two hundred and fifty years ago. Nor was any instruction needed in how to draft treaties. In diplomatic language, our State Department advised the committee not to make itself ridiculous. Greatly chastened, the committee met for two weeks at Geneva to consider "exploitation of the products of the sea." It developed that filet de sole meunière was the only fish which the committee members could identify by sight, and a sub-sub-committee of zoolo-

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gists was appointed to advise.

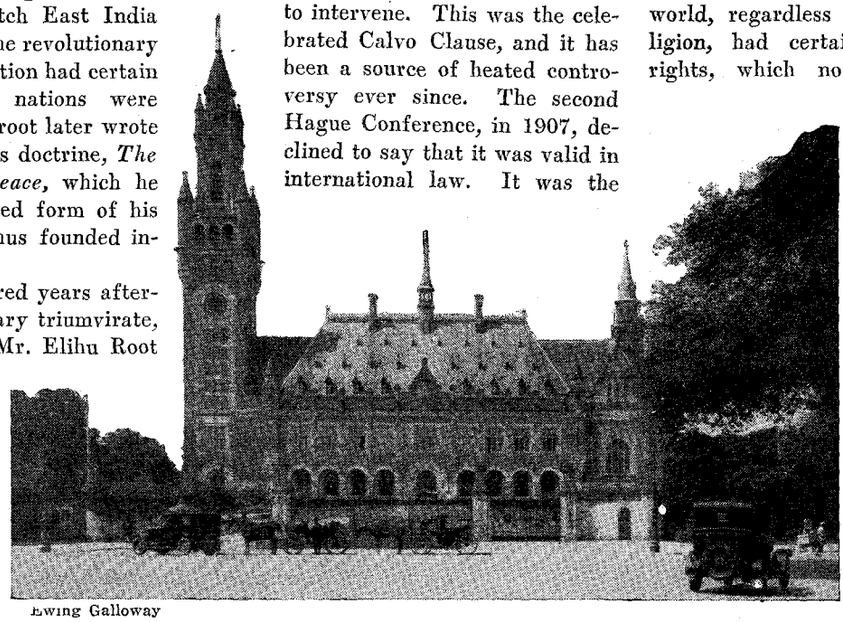
The committee next took up "responsibility of states," which has to do with the obligation of a country to pay its debts, and to protect foreign investments. This was known to be a particularly delicate subject with Latin American countries, which have always denied the right of the United States to intervene in their affairs for any reason whatever. In order not to frighten the Latin American states, Señor Gustavo Guerrero, Minister of Foreign Affairs of San Salvador, was placed in charge of the committee's draft. He at once brought in a draft aimed directly at the United States, which—had it been accepted by the committee—would have made our State Department turn somersaults, and would have changed the entire orientation of what international lawyers call "the great law of nations."

A long time ago—in 1604—a young lawyer in Holland, Huig van Groot, attorney for the Dutch East India Company, advanced the revolutionary doctrine that every nation had certain rights which other nations were bound to respect. Groot later wrote a book to support this doctrine, *The Law of War and Peace,* which he signed with a latinized form of his name, Grotius, and thus founded international law.

Nearly three hundred years afterwards, an extraordinary triumvirate, the Czar of Russia, Mr. Elihu Root and Mr. Andrew Carnegie, determined to give practical expression to the theories of Grotius. It was a promising collaboration, for the Czar had great prestige, Mr. Root had brains and Mr. Carnegie was very rich. The Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907 were the result. Plenipotentiaries of most of the nations met together, and began boldly with the codification of what were to be the rules of civilized warfare. The rules were exceedingly elaborate. There were no airplanes in those days, but it was agreed that, while observation balloons would continue to be fair game, it should be forever after illegal to shoot a man coming down in a parachute. Unfortunately Germany refused to ratify some of these laws, and when war finally came in 1914, most of The Hague rules were promptly broken by generals who, more than likely, had never heard of them.

These early Hague conferences also considered "responsibility of states." Between the first and second meetings, a Venezuelan dictator, Señor Cipriano Castro, had caused a great disturbance. He was a sort of musical comedy dictator, with the habit of promising huge concessions to foreigners and then not living up to his agreements. In 1902, Great Britain, Germany and Italy, acting in behalf of their outraged nationals, dispatched warships to the Caribbean, and proceeded to blockade Señor Castro's coast line.

Other Latin American countries were alarmed by this incident. A distinguished Argentine lawyer, Señor Carlos Calvo, proposed that in the future all foreign corporations should be obliged to sign an agreement, pledging themselves never, under any circumstances, to ask their home governments to intervene. This was the celebrated Calvo Clause, and it has been a source of heated controversy ever since. The second Hague Conference, in 1907, declined to say that it was valid in international law. It was the Calvo Clause which Señor Guerrero tried to write into his draft on "responsibility of states," and which caused such horror and consternation among his colleagues.



Ewing Galloway

*Peace Palace at The Hague*

The legal advisors of our State Department have always held that the Calvo Clause is illegal, and they have been backed up in this stand by the legal advisors of most European nations. It is very difficult to prove that anything is illegal in international law. There are no precedents to fall back on, for most of the dealings between nations in the past have been thoroughly shameful and barbarous. Therefore it has become the custom to cite as authorities on international law the people who have written books about it, like Grotius. Grotius, however, furnished no light on the Calvo Clause.

The modern successors of Grotius, the professors of international law in the great universities of the world, were urged to make known their opinions. These professors, who are devoting their whole lives to the study of something which as yet does not exist, in any real sense, are a very odd set of characters. Last autumn, the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace brought a shipload of them over from Europe for a meeting at Briarcliff, near New York City. For the most part, they are very kindly, idealistic gentlemen, resembling in appearance the old-fashioned comic-strip conception of a professor, except that they carry no butterfly nets. At Briarcliff they adopted a harmless resolution declaring that every person in the world, regardless of sex, race or religion, had certain inherent, human rights, which no government could lawfully take away. Part of their time was taken by a distinguished American Catholic scholar who explained to them that an obscure Spanish monk, Francisco Vittoria, who lived in the 1500s, and not Grotius, was the true founder of international law. It seems that one of the Popes, many years ago, placed Grotius on the Index Expurgatorius, and the increasing homage paid to him has proved very irksome to many Catholics. The professors, particularly those from Holland, listened sweetly, but said nothing.

The professors have now been mulling over the Calvo Clause for some thirty years without coming to anything like an unanimous decision. In the most famous of all Calvo Clause cases—the North American Dredging Company of Texas case—the views of the professors were liberally cited, but they were not very helpful. The North American Dredging Company was awarded a con-

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# My Friend Liberty

By STOYAN CHRISTOWE

*The author, a naturalized citizen, whose previous contributions to these pages have caused considerable comment, here compares first and second thoughts on the meaning of the Statue of Liberty*

A VAGUE DOUBT, a sense of insecurity overwhelms me whenever I find myself in Battery Park. The view of the harbor with its warping small craft and outgoing and incoming vessels and the cluster of brick houses on Ellis Island with its cheerless institutional appearance waken in me impressions dimmed by the years and I become possessed of a feeling that I am losing my foothold in America, gained after two decades of effort and hardship. On such occasions I have to hurry back to the oblivious swirl and bustle of the interior of the city in order to regain my self-possession and my confidence in my firm implantation in this land.

Of all objects in the harbor that evoke memories, the Statue of Liberty, holding aloft the torch of freedom and enlightenment, most often plunges me into spells of protracted contemplation. Readily I see myself the boy of thirteen on board the steamer which for eight days and nights battled with the waves of the Atlantic. Ogre-like, the ocean breathed and groaned, expanded its bosom into colossal mounts and threatened to swallow the vessel. But it scaled the waves, and on the ninth evening a thousand immigrants, whose worried, dusky faces were illumined by strange dreams and hopes, saw from its decks a winking light in the distance, the signal announcing the proximity of our destination. Not long afterward hundreds, thousands, countless bright lights flashed in the distance and I thought that we were sailing against the starry sky itself. The New World had begun to unfold its magic wonders to me.

The ship stopped for the night at the threshold of the harbor. On the morning we would be examined by the immigration inspectors and then be swallowed by the fantastic world that stretched before us. The last to retire the evening before, on the morning I was the first to come on deck for a glimpse of the New World. The lights were no more. Directly in front, a mile or so up the bay, masses of rock reared against the sky. My eyes discerned too much line and form in the rock-piles to accept them as nature's jumble-work. Everything seemed to bear the stamp of man's hand. Probably the whole thing was a labyrinthine cathedral with chapels and monasteries and cupolas and steeples grouped and piled one above the other, with innumerable passages and aisles and sanctuaries in it, a sort of American Jerusalem where the god of the New World went to church.

The boat steamed up the bay. To the left, on a patch of ground in the water, with its right arm projecting upward like the sole branch of a giant tree, loomed a mighty statue. I had seen big monuments in the European cities through which we passed on our way to America. They represented statesmen reading immortal documents, generals with unsheathed swords driving their regiments on to victory, builders and destroyers of empires. But this colossus in the harbor baffled my imagination. As the boat passed by it, I rushed to one of the men to whom I applied for information whenever my young mind was dazzled by objects of bewildering proportions.

"Melian," I shouted excitedly, "look, that statue!" Melian had been in America once before and there were few things which he could not explain. Throughout the journey he maintained an air of superiority and omniscience. With complacence he enlightened us poor greenhorns on various subjects and objects of which we were lamentably ignorant.

"Tell me, Melian, what statue is that?"

"Why, young man," he admonished, "and you have been through school! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. That's Christopher Colombo who found America."

Another compatriot who was also on his second trip to America and whom Melian despised because he continually checked up on his information and disputed his statements turned toward him and said, "Don't misinform the boy! That's not a statue of Columbus. That's the Statue of Liberty!"

But that meant little to me then. I wanted to know what significance the statue had, why it was put there. And when Melian had walked away with wounded feelings the other man explained it as best he could, succeeding in imparting to me the idea of the freedom which the statue symbolized.

"It is put there to tell people that this is a free country," he said. "The American people have the same reverence for it that they have for their flag. It stands for everything that the American Government stands for. And that means that everybody is free in this country; everybody that comes here is guarded and protected by that statue! Do you understand?"

Indeed I did. The country in which I was born had moaned under the yoke of foreign oppression for many centuries. To my people the word liberty conveyed a meaning quite different from that which people born in lands of freedom apprehend when they hear the word. The people in my native land were not acquainted with the reality of freedom. They had heard of it, spoke of it, fought for it, until it had become an unattainable goddess, a noble ideal to strive for, to dream about and to die for. Having been born and raised in such an atmosphere, I too had a conception of liberty similar to that of my Macedonian forefathers, whose life was like a gloomy day, dismal from dawn till nightfall. I was now, however, witnessing a visible, a concrete symbol of the ideal for which they had fought. Freedom, then, was not an empty word; the world, after all, was not made of oppressors and oppressed. And happy in my youthful limitations, I looked at the colossal image of living freedom with the piety of a pilgrim kneeling before a shrine.

Later that day I took my place in the inspection line on Ellis Island. From the landing where the ferry disgorged us, our bundles and valises weighing on us, we trudged in single file toward the brick buildings where we got our first sample of America's proverbial hospitality and tolerance and a taste of that liberty which the statue, in full view of us, proclaimed to the world.

A man in a brown uniform ran his fingers through my hair and unceremoniously pushed me ahead. An-

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other, holding a little metallic instrument in his hands, stopped me and quickly, mechanically, even before I was able to divine what was happening to me, turned my eye-lids and looked into my eyes; going through the same procedure with every immigrant that passed before him.

Having survived the squad of uniformed inspectors, every one of whom examined a different part of my anatomy, I came to one in civilian clothes who made a chalk mark on my back, as if I were a piece of baggage, and in shoving me ahead he considered me as such. Then I faced another one whose harsh barking reminded me of Turkish gendarmes shouting at timid peasants in our own country. He snatched my passport, looked through it, and asked in my native tongue:

"Can you write?" I was cheered to hear native words and in my momentary happiness, instead of answering first took time to smile.

"Don't laugh," he growled, "answer what I ask."

"Yes, I can write. In the village all people who had relatives in America came to me to read their letters and to write the replies."

"Don't tell me what you did in your village. Just answer what I ask and then shut up. Can you count?"

I felt offended. Surely I was not a savage. If I could write I certainly could count.

"Of course I can count; what is there to counting?"

"Count from two to seven," the man requested.

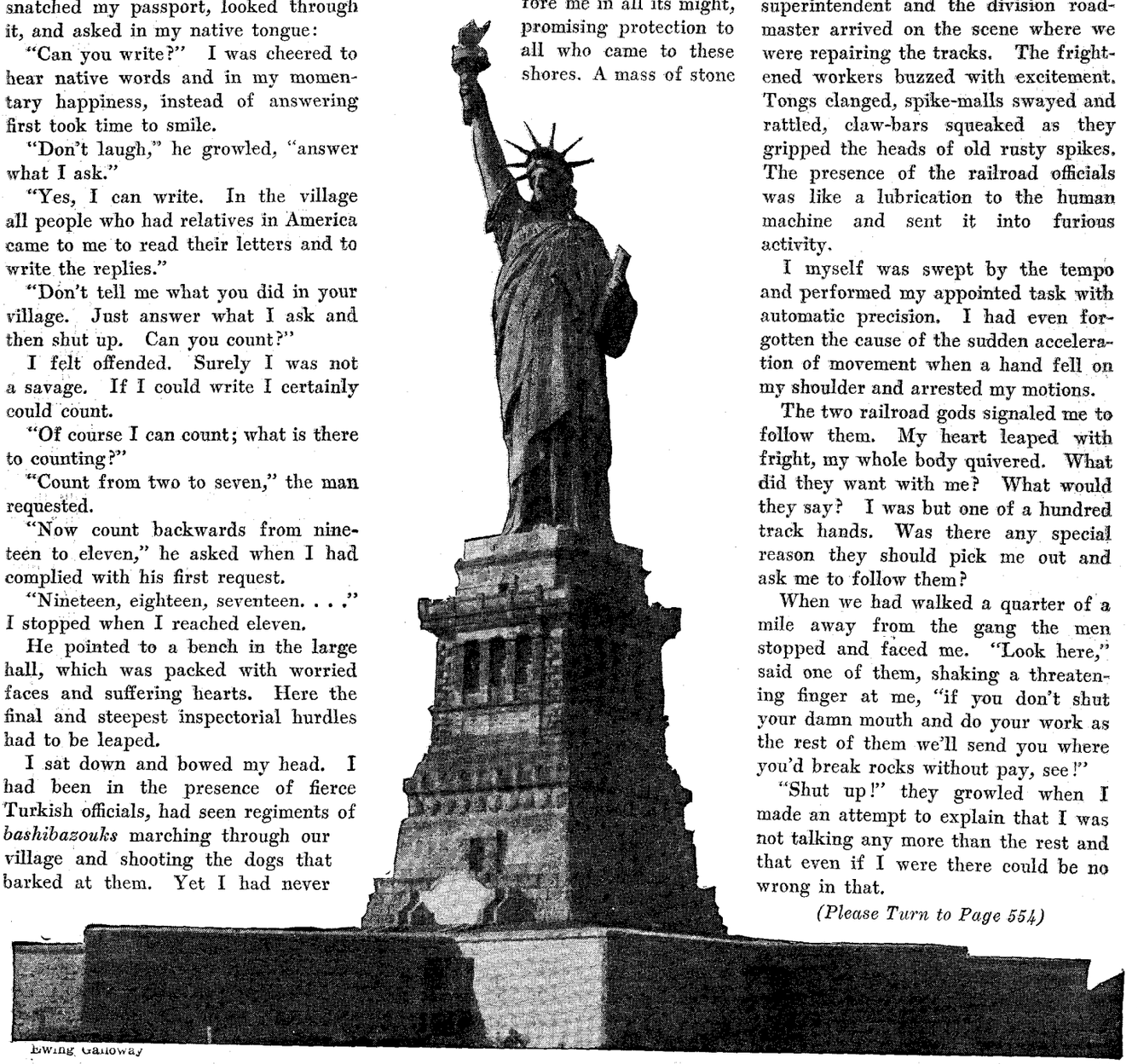
"Now count backwards from nineteen to eleven," he asked when I had complied with his first request.

"Nineteen, eighteen, seventeen. . . ." I stopped when I reached eleven.

He pointed to a bench in the large hall, which was packed with worried faces and suffering hearts. Here the final and steepest inspectorial hurdles had to be leaped.

I sat down and bowed my head. I had been in the presence of fierce Turkish officials, had seen regiments of *bashibazouks* marching through our village and shooting the dogs that barked at them. Yet I had never been so frightened in all my life. These uniformed men carried no sabers, no guns, they were harmless creatures performing their daily tasks, yet there was something rigid and fear-inspiring about them, their pencils and crayons with which they made marks on our backs seemed sharper than swords. They treated us like a herd of cattle and I felt disheartened and filled with forebodings for my life in America.

The immigrants ahead of me had moved forward. To make room for those that followed, I slid on, dragging my baggage after me. Now I was before a tall window through which I saw in the distance the great statue about which, in the worry and confusion, I had wholly forgotten. It towered before me in all its might, promising protection to all who came to these shores. A mass of stone and iron, yet it was to it, in my helplessness and fright among those apparently unfeeling people, I turned my imploring eyes. And for a moment that statue encouraged me, inspirited me; for a moment it stood there like an omnipotent goddess threatening to smite with its giant arm any force that might cause suffering to my young heart.



Ewing Galloway

Now as I sit on a bench in Battery Park and view the statue I vainly try to see it as I saw it twenty years ago. I still communicate with it; recount to it moments of my varied experience and contact with American freedom; tell it of how once I was threatened to be put in jail if I did not stop talking so much. It was in Montana. I was one of a hundred laborers. One day the superintendent and the division roadmaster arrived on the scene where we were repairing the tracks. The frightened workers buzzed with excitement. Tongs clanged, spike-malls swayed and rattled, claw-bars squeaked as they gripped the heads of old rusty spikes. The presence of the railroad officials was like a lubrication to the human machine and sent it into furious activity.

I myself was swept by the tempo and performed my appointed task with automatic precision. I had even forgotten the cause of the sudden acceleration of movement when a hand fell on my shoulder and arrested my motions.

The two railroad gods signaled me to follow them. My heart leaped with fright, my whole body quivered. What did they want with me? What would they say? I was but one of a hundred track hands. Was there any special reason they should pick me out and ask me to follow them?

When we had walked a quarter of a mile away from the gang the men stopped and faced me. "Look here," said one of them, shaking a threatening finger at me, "if you don't shut your damn mouth and do your work as the rest of them we'll send you where you'd break rocks without pay, see!"

"Shut up!" they growled when I made an attempt to explain that I was not talking any more than the rest and that even if I were there could be no wrong in that.

*(Please Turn to Page 554)*

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# The Trend of Events

## The Oil Cases

EDWARD L. DOHENY has convinced a District of Columbia jury that the much-discussed $100,000 he gave to Albert B. Fall was not a bribe to influence the leasing of the Elk Hills naval oil reserve to a Doheny corporation, but a loan. Indeed, it was not so much a loan, Mr. Doheny implies, as a testimonial, made to an old friend in appreciation of his self-sacrifice in working for a Government under which the donor was piling up his fortune to fifty million dollars. Doheny, therefore, goes free, with a halo of beneficence and brotherly love about him. Any one who, after six years, can still muster indignation over the oil scandals is at liberty to puzzle out why Doheny should be found innocent of giving a bribe which Fall, a few months ago, was found guilty of receiving.

While Fall was Secretary of the Interior, Doheny and Sinclair corporations received, respectively, leases on Elk Hills and Teapot Dome oil reserves. Both these reserves were recovered by the Government, which brought civil suits for that purpose. But Doheny, Fall and Sinclair have all three been acquitted of charges of conspiring to defraud the Government, though Sinclair spent a few months in jail for contempt of court and of the Senate. Doheny is now acquitted on the charge of giving a bribe; Fall, who was convicted of accepting a bribe, has appealed to a higher court.

This, except for odds and ends of swabbing which will go on for some time, ends the oil clean-up. While the cleaning machinery of justice has lumbered along, the public has become bored, the defendants have grown older, and the affair has seemed to matter less and less. The Government's record in the civil oil cases has been brilliant. To put it mildly, its record in the criminal oil cases has not.

## About Mr. Butler

"IF YOU ARE going to publish the names and statements of pussyfooters," a correspondent writes, "what about the names and statements of flatfooters? Why not say a kind word for candidates who come right out flatfootedly on controversial questions? After all, not all candidates are dodgers. What about William M. Butler of Massachusetts, for instance?"

About former-Senator William M. Butler of Massachusetts, this: Some weeks ago, announcing his candidacy for the Republican nomination for

Keystone

*ACQUITTED*
*Edward L. Doheny found not guilty of charge of bribery*

Senator, Mr. Butler called economic welfare the dominant issue but promised to declare within a month exactly where he stood on prohibition. He has since done so. When the 18th Amendment was adopted, he reveals, he was not in favor of it. He is now convinced that it has greatly improved economic and living conditions. He would not amend the Volstead act except after further trial, "and then in no way which would tend to break down the principles involved in the 18th Amendment." He is convinced that there are more reasons for the continuance of the 18th Amendment than for its repeal.

He goes still further. "There is no middle ground," he says. "I will neither wilt nor straddle . . . . I not only endorse the 18th Amendment but also the Volstead and the Baby Volstead (state) laws and am against their modification or repeal."

If our comment on Mr. Butler's statement were to be compressed to a word, it might be written thus: Hurray. His is just the kind of plain, square, honest declaration of which we unreservedly and enthusiastically approve. Senator Butler is dry, we are wet, and we ardently hope—indeed, expect—that he will be defeated in the senatorial primary, or, if not there, then in the senatorial election. But if Massachusetts had to elect a dry Senator, it might do worse than elect Mr. Butler.

That, then, is our attitude toward the courageous dry candidate in Massachusetts. That is also our attitude toward similarly courageous dry candidates elsewhere. Generally speaking, we oppose candidates who are dry and favor those who are wet, but in all cases we oppose candidates who, whether personally wet or personally dry, refuse to stand up and be counted on the most important public question of our time.

## Tribute to Mr. Holmes

TO PRAISE Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes becomes as difficult as it is to overpraise him. How say freshly what has been said so well, and so often? Circuit Court Judge Learned Hand, presenting Hopkinson's portrait of Holmes to the Harvard Law School, answered this question neatly. He chose to speak, primarily, on the outlook of his subject toward life at large. Mr. Holmes, he said, is president of the Society of Jobbists. He went on, substantially, as follows:

This is an honest craft which undertakes only those jobs which the members can do in proper workmanlike fashion, which of course means no more

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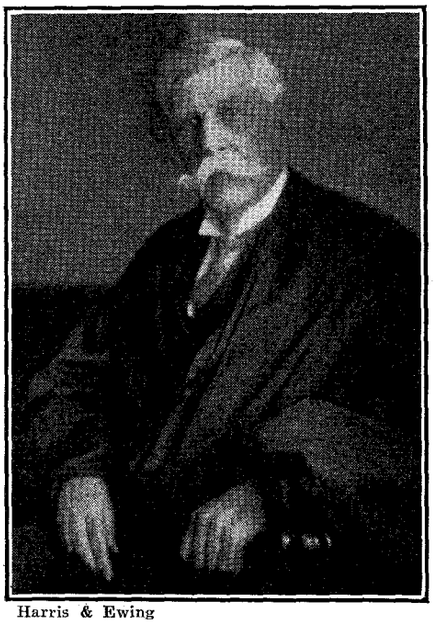
than that they must like them. It demands right quality, better than the market will pass, and perhaps it is not



Harris & Ewing

*HALE AND HANDSOME*
*Oliver Wendell Holmes, Associate Justice of United States Supreme Court*

quite as insistent as it should be upon standards of living, measured by radios and motor cars and steam heat. But the working hours are rigorously controlled, because for five days alone will it labor, and the other two are all the members' own. These are nobody's business, not even that of the most prying moralists.

The membership is not large, at least in America, for it is not regarded with favor, or even with confidence, by those who live in chronic moral exaltation, whom the ills of this world make ever restive, who must be always fretting for some new cure; who cannot while away an hour in aimless talk, or find distraction for the eye, or feel agitation in the presence of fair women. Its members have no program of regeneration; they are averse to propaganda; they decline to worship any sacred cows, American or Russian.

But you must not suppose, because they are amiable and gay and pleasure-loving, because they are not always reverent, that they are not aware of the silences, or that they do not suppose themselves to have embarked upon a serious enterprise when they began to breathe. You may go so far with them in amity and fellowship; you may talk with them till the cocks crow, and differ as you like and as you can, but do not interfere with the job, and do not ask for quarter if you do. For at bottom they have as much faith as you, and more, for it is open-eyed and does not wince.

When you meet a member, you are aware of a certain serenity that must come from being at home in this great and awful universe, where man is so little and fate so relentless. It sounds easier than it really is to join the society. One must learn the rules apperceptively. You had best go to President Holmes, for he has grasped the underlying idea so well that if you get his exposition you need not go further. He knows about it all, and he is very willing to take in neophytes.

## ▶▶*Swinging Back*

THE RECENT Russian campaign to socialize agriculture carried that country fast and far toward the Left. Now it not only stops short, but, for the time being, even swings slowly back toward the Right. As general secretary of the central committee of the Communist party and virtual Mussolini of Russia, Joseph Stalin called a halt on March 2. More than fifty per cent of the peasants' land had been collectivized, he said; it would be folly to plunge ahead and force collectives on regions economically unsuited for them. On March 15 a governmental order, permitting persuasive efforts to get the peasants into collectives, absolutely prohibited forceful efforts. It declared that party workers had gone too far, and laid down several rules designed to permit a larger degree of private agricultural enterprise. Together, the moves of March 2 and 15 have been compared with Lenin's New Economic Policy of 1921.

Though the collectivization program had met with unexpected success, the peasants' rejoicing at its end suggests that it had reached a point likely to inspire bitter resistance. Numbers of peasants actively oppose any plan of communization; numbers of others oppose any extreme plan which would oblige them to share even their pigs, chickens and homes. The collective movement, Stalin declares, must be largely voluntary if it is to succeed. He has nothing but contempt for doctrinaire comrades "who seem to believe that a Communist Utopia can be set up in the village by bureaucratic ordinances."

In all probability the new policy represents only a temporary lull in the collectivization program. When Stalin has consolidated his recent gains, when conditions are more favorable, the program may be warmly, if less violently, renewed.

## ▶▶*Slowing Down*

POLITICAL EXPEDIENCY in the first place, political doctrine in the second, seem to be calling the tune to which the Russian bear is dancing. Foreign opinion has little effect. Apparently foreign prayers and protests had next to nothing to do with the brakes recently put on the Russian movement against religion.

While the Soviet government and the Communist party are frankly atheistic, their recent campaign against the established church sprang chiefly from the determination to destroy the social system which, particularly in the country districts, had grown up around it. When the government softened its attack on the rich peasant, it likewise softened that on the priest, his ally. In his first statement of March 2, Stalin mocked at "r-r-revolutionaries" who think they further communism by "pulling down church bells." The governmental order of March 15 forbade churches to be closed unless a majority of the local population clearly and freely demands it.

Wide World

*APPLIES THE BRAKES*
*Joseph Stalin checks pronounced swing toward Left in Russia*

But, though the Russian anti-religi-

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ous campaign had relaxed, the days of international protest were observed as scheduled. On both March 16 and March 19 largely attended church services and mass-meetings were held in various parts of the world. On the latter day Pope Pius celebrated a mass of expiation, praying that the Russian anti-religious campaign might cease. Though their tone was often fierce, for the most part the protesting speakers seem to have confined themselves to appeals for moral pressure on Russia, sensibly avoiding demands for interference by their governments.

The protests were duly noted in Russia, but apparently made little impression. The Soviet government still discourages religious propaganda, while encouraging anti-religious propaganda, still keeps the churches entangled in a net of regulations, and still prohibits the teaching of religion to those under eighteen. No doubt speakers at the All-Union Congress of Atheists, which met on March 20, were obeying the government's commands when they warned their hearers against going to extremes and instructed them to rely on persuasion, rather than force, in making converts. This, however, indicates that the anti-religious campaign has slowed down, not that it has ended. Six months hence, those who believe that the international protests have brought about a change of front in Russia may experience a brusque awakening.

## ▶▶Sanford's Successor

North Carolina rejoices over President Hoover's nomination of Federal Judge Parker, of Charlotte and the Fourth Circuit Court, to succeed the late Supreme Court Justice Sanford. Judge Parker is a Republican but all is forgiven. He is the first justice to be appointed since 1860 from the fourth circuit, comprising Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, North and South Carolina.

Judge Parker is not of the Old South, which battled for states' rights, complacently drank its liquor, purchased, pitied, and pampered its slaves, and sent its sons to Harvard and Princeton. Nor is he of the Middle South, which staggered out of the Civil War and Reconstruction, hating the nigger and driving him from the polls, running from the Republican party as from parrot fever. He is of the New South, where a man can be a Republican and yet be respectable, where a boy can secure an education without leaving his state, a South confident of itself, distrusted by old-line Democrats, no longer ignored by the Republicans.

Forty-four years old, he is younger than all but seven of those who have been on the supreme bench. Born in 1886, he missed the old Ku Klux Klan days by two decades and was only a grammar school boy in Monroe when the Klux-like Red Shirts were clearing Negroes from the polls. He entered the University of North Carolina in 1903. While the Republicans were trying to rebuild the state party, while

Keystone

*ELEVATED*
*Judge John J. Parker, of Charlotte, N. C., appointed to U. S. Supreme Court*

Senator Simmons was waving the bloody shirt and demanding that citizens vote the Democratic ticket from "president to constable," young Parker was presiding over the dignified sessions of the University's Dialectic Literary Society.

He started practicing law in Greensboro, and became a mild, unassuming man, talking quietly, making few enemies and many friends. More than six feet tall, he added many pounds, rounded out, and put on small spectacles. In 1920, a Republican, he made a great race for Governor, though he was defeated.

He has been on only one bench, and on that for less than five years. He seems to have ruled adequately but inoffensively. In an important liquor case he denied the right of search without warrant, declaring that the Fourth Amendment was not to "be thus encroached upon or gradually depreciated by imperceptible practice of courts or by well-intentioned but mistakenly overzealous executive officers." Yet word comes north that, in cases involving personal rights, he is seldom to be found on the liberal side of the fence. As to his reputedly liberal tendencies, therefore, we shall see what we shall see.

## ▶▶Ping Pong

In 1900, most American families had ping pong sets in regular use. In 1905, most American families had ping pong sets in forgotten corners of the attic. So quickly do fads spread, so suddenly and so completely do they die. It is not surprising that for twenty years ping pong has been as démodé as dominoes. The surprising thing is that the game has lately come to life again. Its popularity is now so full-fledged that, at a four-day ping pong tournament just held in New York, the number of entrants was restricted to 400, lest so many would-be champions apply that the matches could not be run off in less than a month or two.

Of this tournament we, frankly, grieve to hear. No one knows what caused the revival of ping pong. Some say it was the War; doughboys played it in camp recreation centers. Some say it was the destructive spirit of the modern generation, which liked to see spry celluloid balls bounding around the room, upsetting fragile glasses and scarring the furniture. Some, the jokesmiths, say it was the disgruntled Music Defense League, trying to keep people away from the talkies.

We have no idea how the ping pong revival started, but we have a definite idea of what caused it to catch on. It was the fact that it was a strictly amateur sport, not merely in the technical sense of the word, but genuinely a game for amateurs. There were no Tildens, no Babe Ruths, no Dr. Works or Capablancas of ping pong, to make comparisons humiliating. Every one could, and did, feel himself a champion.

If there are to be tournaments, however, the game is up. Pictures of ping pong champions, receiving tall silver cups, will appear in rotogravure sections. Champions will write books and syndicate articles telling how they keep fit, laying down rules for playing,

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dickering over form and stance. Expert balls will ping and pong instructively before the microphone, and those who like to play any old way will feel all hands and feet. We are not waiting for this to happen. At first word of the New York tournament, we scrapped the ping pong outfit. Now we are playing jackstraws.

## ▸▸"Steady Improvement"

WASHINGTON VIRTUALLY monopolized the prohibition spotlight in the week March 16-22. Without comment, the United States Supreme Court refused to reopen the case against the Butler Hotel, of Seattle, the dining-room of which has been padlocked for a year. The central issue here seems to be whether a hotel management may be punished for keeping liquor when the "keeping" is really performed by guests who bring in liquor and consume it on the premises. The Supreme Court's action does not necessarily mean that it approves of the padlocking, but it serves as a warning to hotel owners to look sharp. Most of them, of course, will disregard the warning, as they must to keep their business, and some of them—such are the beauties of a sporadically enforced, generally disregarded prohibition law—may suffer for it.

On March 17, Chairman Wickersham of the Hoover Law Enforcement Commission reduced his investigation to absurdity by reporting that he had found a "steady improvement" in prohibition enforcement, and, says the New York *Times*, indicating "a belief that prohibition enforcement compared favorably with that of many other Federal statutes." Chairman Wickersham is talking nonsense. If he and the other members of his commission do not know it, it is time they put on their hats and went home. The dullest observer must see that prohibition enforcement is not getting stronger but weaker; that it is farcically ineffective in most localities, and that in many the law is scarcely enforced at all.

On the very day of Chairman Wickersham's statement, "Scarface Al" Capone, with prison officials taking every precaution lest he be subjected to "possible harm, bodily or otherwise," was ushered out of prison in Pennsylvania. The "steady improvement" in prohibition enforcement has now reached a point where Capone's fame is international. The day after the king of Chicago's bootleggers turned up in his home town, the London *Daily Express* sought an interview with him on the transatlantic telephone. Let prohibition enforcement go on improving at this rate and Capone's name may soon be as familiar to the world as Henry Ford's.

## ▸▸Testimonials

"AS LONG AS THE Nineteenth Amendment stands," Mrs. Ella A. Boole, president of the W. C. T. U., told the House Judiciary Committee, "the Eighteenth Amendment will stand also." Unfortunately, this assumption does not quite square with known facts. Note, for example, that, though the wet and recently founded Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform has never made any concerted membership drive, it now has about 60,000 purely voluntary recruits.

Underwood

*WANTS 7-YEAR TRUCE*
*Daniel C. Roper outlines prohibition plan before House Judiciary Committee*

Mrs. Boole supports prohibition, she says, because it establishes a nationally uniform method of dealing with the liquor traffic, as, indeed, it does. Throughout the country it puts the liquor traffic in the hands of gunmen. She supports it because it prohibits the manufacture, sale, transportation, importation, and exportation of intoxicating liquor, and, say what you will, it does prohibit exportation. There is no place in America for people who refuse to obey the dry law, says Mrs. Boole. But how lonely it would be if all these left the country. Mrs. Boole argues ardently, but, unconsciously, for the wets.

Other stars before the House Committee were Horace D. Taft and Daniel C. Roper, Commissioner of Internal Revenue under Wilson and the first Federal head of prohibition enforcement. Mr. Taft finds that the wets have difficulty in facing "the overwhelming testimony of economists and heads of great industrial concerns" that prohibition has been immensely beneficial to their industries. Has Mr. Taft never heard of John J. Raskob of General Motors, W. W. Atterbury of the Pennsylvania Railroad, or Pierre S. du Pont of E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company?

The high point of Mr. Taft's testimony was the letter from his brother to Professor Irving Fisher. The late Chief Justice, it seems, shifted from the wet to the dry side after prohibition had been adopted. Yet we fail to see how this signifies anything more than that, having accurately predicted the evils of prohibition, he was right in the first place and wrong in the second.

Mr. Roper won attention by advocating a national prohibition council, like the wartime Council of National Defense, to conduct an enforcement program with so-called educational features. He would try this out for, say, seven years; then, if conditions were worse, he would advocate changing the law. The chief trouble with his plan is that it comes about seven years too late. Prohibition has had a fair trial. It has failed. Now we are going to change it. And we are not going to wait seven years to start.

## ▸▸Our Own Curiosity Shop

(This sort of thing goes on all the time, and only Ripley, with his Believe It or Not, does it full justice. It gets into the daily press, apparently, under the man-bites-a-dog definition of news. Yet when a hundred thousand men bite a hundred thousand dogs, as, figuratively speaking, they do each year, it is more than news. It is a pungent editorial on the human race.)

PEDRO CANDIOTI, of Argentina, has swum from Goya to Santa Fé, about 188 miles, in 67 hours and 10 minutes, taking food every hour, and finishing, they say, in good condition . . . Judge J. R. Rutherford, president of the International Bible Students' Association, has put a $75,000 house in San Diego,

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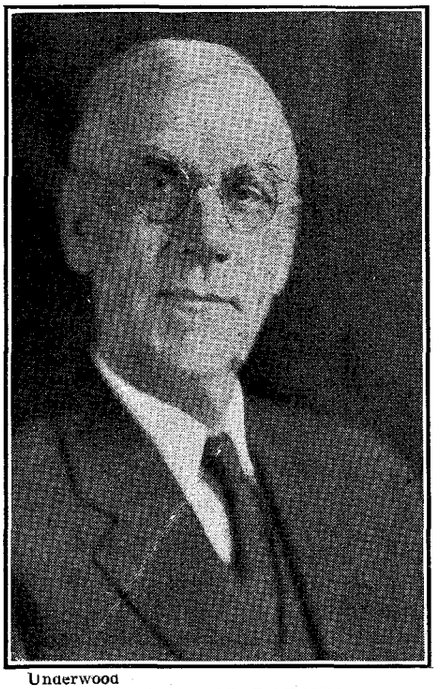
California, in permanent trust for the ancient kings and prophets of Palestine. "I purposely landscaped the place with palm and olive trees so these princes of the universe would be at home when they come to offer man the chance to become perfect," Judge Rutherford declared . . . . Charles Drago, of Leroy, New York, has swallowed forty raw eggs in five minutes, and claims to be the champion raw-egg eater of the world . . . "I have that distinguished record and I want it known." The speaker is Cole Blease, Senator from South Carolina. The "distinguished record" is that of being born and bred in a county in which not a single vote was recorded for Herbert Hoover for President . . . . When Mrs. Edna C. Stiles, of Pasadena, California, claimed to be the illegitimate daughter of the late Gaby Deslys, who died leaving $2,000,000, she raised to more than thirty the number of those who have sought to establish kinship to the dancer since her death ten years ago . . . . On March 17, Charles W. ("Desert Charlie") Hubricht, 69, finished a year-long hike across the continent in New York City. He had with him four burros. One occasionally carried Desert Charlie. The others carried provisions . . . . Harvey McGehee, of Paris, Arkansas, says he wants the office of District Attorney "because I think I can make a living out of it." He expects to spend the time before election "kissing the babies, bragging on the women's cooking, complimenting the farmers on their crops, and warming things up for my opponents." If elected, he will "make things so warm for crooks and law violators of all kinds that they will think that hell ain't forty feet from the court house."

## ▶▶Smoot Lets Loose

So Senator Smoot is a cucumber, is he? Utterly devoid of emotion, save for his love of ballooning tariffs and sugar beets, is he? That prevalent opinion went out of the window when Mr. Smoot entered the Senate chamber with a steaming armful of naughty books. The Senator is less cucumber than cauldron. His feelings boil and bubble like the very dickens. The Senate's debate on the tariff bill provision against the importation of obscene books showed Smoot of Utah as he really is. Consider these thoughts, rearranged into one paragraph, from the Senator's seething speeches.

"I would rather have a child of mine take opium than read one of these books. They will be admitted over my dead body. I want to keep them all out. I would rather keep out a thousand than have one mistake made. I think they are damnable. No father would ever want his child to see them. They are disgusting. They are beastly—beastly. There cannot be viler language, there cannot be words put together so vile and rotten as in those books. It [*Lady Chatterley's Lover,* by D. H. Lawrence] was written by a man with a



Underwood

*PLEADS FOR PARITY*

*Reed Smoot of Utah speaks his mind on floor of the Senate*

diseased mind and a soul so black that he would even obscure the darkness of hell. Nobody would write a book like that unless his heart was just as rotten and as black as it possibly could be."

How the Senate ever held out against such ardent hate is a mystery. In truth, it didn't hold out entirely. The Senate compromised. It rejected Senator Cutting's sensible proposal to delete the provision against obscene books from the present tariff law, leaving objectionable works to be dealt with under the Federal and state clean-books statutes. It likewise rejected Mr. Smoot's alternative proposal to leave the law as it stands, with the suitability of imported books determined by ignorant customs clerks and none too erudite Treasury officials. Henceforth, customs clerks may seize books temporarily, but the case must be tried in a Federal district court, and, at the defendant's request, before a jury. Naturally enough, Senator Cutting declares himself reasonably well satisfied with this arrangement. As in state and Federal anti-obscenity prosecutions, the defendant wins the right of trial by jury, plus the right of appeal, and, in the present nature of things, that is about all he can expect.

## ▶▶*March to the Sea*

India opened its campaign of civil disobedience when Mahatma Gandhi, thin with zeal, set out with eighty-odd followers on his march from Ahmadabad to the Gulf of Cambay, one hundred and fifty miles distant, there to take salt from the sea in defiance of the government's monopoly. Salt is a common human need; to tax it stirs a sense of injustice. For centuries the sea and its products have been regarded as the common property of mankind. Under the government monopoly, moreover, salt sells for about five cents a pound, while the average Indian's income is perhaps three cents a day. The choice of this dramatic, easily understood gesture of protest helps to explain the swarthy, naked little Hindu's power over the minds of his followers.

At every village he passed through Gandhi paused under the baking sun to preach his doctrine of passive resistance. Bonfires of imported cloth blazed in his honor. At his behest, civil servants resigned by the score, though few joined his party in the weary march over dusty roads and through unbridged streams. The desire for independence, expressed in the resolutions of the All-India Congress three months ago, has not died down. Yet, however much they may desire complete independence, clear-sighted Indian leaders probably have little hope of attaining it. What they are doing is to carry out their ultimatum of a year ago, which warned that India would struggle for complete independence unless the British government accepted the more moderate demand for dominion status before January 1, 1930. What the Nationalists are after is a definite British move toward granting dominion status; they are weary of promises that this status will be granted to India some time in the distant future.

Though Gandhi sincerely desires to

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avoid violence, his campaign is potentially explosive. On the day he began his march, small riots broke out in Bombay and Calcutta. Another flared up in Rangoon when the Mayor of Calcutta was brought to trial on a sedition charge growing out of utterances in support of civil disobedience. Forces may be set in motion beyond Gandhi's power to control, particularly if he has regained the influence over the antagonistic religious groups and divergent castes he had in his first campaign eight years ago.

Those who govern an empire know no rest. India seems to be rising to replace Ireland as a persistent source of woe in official London.

## Sleep—How to Woo It

How DO YOU get to sleep? inquired a professor at Colgate University of a number of distinguished men. Five hundred and nine distinguished men have replied. Some advocate thought control, others reading; some recommend a cigarette, others an illegal night-cap. A philanthropist reviews Blackstone's analysis of real estate laws; a scientist thinks of star spaces; a rabbi counts the ticks of a clock; an author extracts square roots.

This is interesting information, both to the insomniac and to the collector of intimate revelations. And who is not one or the other or both? Only one thing will prevent the public from propping the report on its bedside table. That is the report's consistent anonymity.

Who are these distinguished men? What actor-playwright, as soon as the light is turned out, starts repeating Christian names? Which Supreme Court Justice buries his face in the pillow? What college professor eats onions? What chain store executive thinks of many things instead of one, and what are the things he thinks of? On these points the report is silent. Instead of becoming a non-fiction best seller and an addition to American folklore, therefore, it dwindles away as merely another scientific survey.

The nation is waiting for a questionnaire expert who will establish the proper methods of falling asleep as the proper methods of doing other things are established—by telling us how the best people do it. Who has not lain awake, staring into the darkness, wondering how Calvin Coolidge falls asleep? How luxurious to pull up the covers, conscious that one was going to sleep like a Vanderbilt, or, if this did not do the trick, to know that one could easily shift to the method endorsed by Rudy Vallee. To the man who, as a boy, used to spring out of bed at dawn because Thomas Edison had said six hours of sleep was enough for any one, what a satisfaction to drop off just like Henry Ford.

Of course, there would always be radical spirits to object to such methods as standardization. Let them lie awake all night, then. Or, if they wish, count sheep.

## Channel Tunnel

A GOOD DEAL of water has flowed through the English Channel since the possibility of boring a tunnel beneath those turbulent eighteen miles was first suggested. French and English companies formed to build the tunnel have been in existence ever since 1875. Parliament dismissed the project in 1882, again in 1924. Now a committee of English engineering experts, bankers, and business men, appointed a year ago by the government to investigate new forms of cross-Channel communication, has brought the matter up again by officially declaring that the tunnel would be an economic advantage. To a country with as knotty a labor problem as Great Britain's, an economic advantage is an economic advantage.

Moreover, time has evaporated some of the major objections, both strategic and temperamental, which once confronted this project. The past-generation conservatism which objected to England's being made so readily accessible to tourists and other unwelcome strangers is being offset by the observation that such strangers usually bring along their pocketbooks. The argument that the tunnel would end the island's security and lay the coast open to attack can be answered in the words of a British author, "On the day when Bleriot flew the Channel, England ceased to be an island."

France is in favor of the tunnel, which, as planned, would reach from Sandling Junction, Kent, to Marquise near Boulogne. Evidently she feels that it would not be much more dangerous in wartime to adjoin potential enemies on all sides than to adjoin them on all but one.

The project still has influential enemies in Parliament, and it seems not unlikely that it may be shelved again. In any case, a pilot tunnel would have to be constructed first to make sure that the engineering feat is possible. But the idea is in keeping with our comfort-loving, speed-it-up, peregrine age. It's bound to materialize some time.

### Remarkable Remarks

The idea that the Republic was created for the benefit of the individual is a mockery that must be eradicated at the first dawn of understanding.—HERBERT HOOVER.

President Hoover, like a good family doctor for the nation, says nothing or says things that are encouraging.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

If I should lose my virtue the first thing I would do would be to leave the Mormon Church.—SENATOR REED SMOOT.

Why are New York newspapers so interested in Prohibition? I'll tell you why. It is because they are controlled and they do what they are told. Everybody wants to show up Henry Ford's town.—HENRY FORD.

I joke about our prominent men but at heart I believe in them. I do think there is times when traces of "dumbness" crop up in official life, but not crookedness.—WILL ROGERS.

## In Brief

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS declares that Jesus "was a trouble-maker, a challenging and a provocative nuisance." Mr. Phelps is still the same old fierce iconoclast . . . . The question is, what are these ready explainers going to say about business depression when they can no longer say it is caused by congressional delay in passing the tariff bill . . . . They tell a tale in Boston of a dry-law enforcement agent who banked $120,000 in six years, on a salary of about $2,000 a year. This, we take it, is an extraordinary example of New England thrift . . . . Without being asked to, Mr. Coolidge has written for the *Cosmopolitan* an article touching on "prohibition, the tariff, suggestions that I run for Senator from Massachusetts, and suggestions that I run for President." These are all questions that Mr. Coolidge has touched before, though hitherto with a ten-foot pole . . . . Professor Lindeman of the New York School for Social Research is quoted as saying that American civilization will eliminate animals, plants, and finally children from its great cities. Well, one guess here is as good as another, and we

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hereby hazard the prediction that there will be animals, plants, and children galore in American cities as long as there are American cities. . . . "We are ruled by the criminals in our great cities in alliance with the corrupt politicians. The police are under political control and such control involves the failure to arrest and prosecute criminals or their release if arrested." Before denouncing the speaker as a Bolshevik, it might be well to learn who he is. He is Frank J. Loesch, head of the Chicago Crime Commission and member of the Hoover Commission on Law Enforcement.

# Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PRESIDENT HOOVER, we hear, insists that Claudius H. Huston be permitted to stay on as Republican National Chairman until the country's reaction toward the latter's association with the private Muscle Shoals lobby has made itself manifest. Though chagrined at his good friend's plight, Mr. Hoover quite naturally yearns for the gentleman from Tennessee to submit a satisfactory defense, if he can, and thereby prove that the presidential confidence has not been seriously misplaced. As we mentioned some time ago, the two men had a mutual liking and admiration for one another, and, until recently, the national chairman was the President's only confidant on political and governmental affairs.

We cannot but commend Mr. Hoover's loyalty to a friend under the trying circumstances of the last few weeks, and we find that his exhibition of this prized political quality has won him the admiration of the hard-boiled boys who never liked Huston himself. Nevertheless, we find no Senator who does not think the President errs on the side of excess, and that Huston must go. Though we grant their attitude to be a selfish one, since they are worrying only about the effect of the Lobby Committee's disclosures on the Congressional elections, it does, we believe, reflect majority sentiment.

Leader Watson and Assistant Leader McNary tried to convey this viewpoint to the President, we understand, but they came away from the White House with the impression that, though Huston may eventually announce that politics interferes with business—or business with politics—he will not step down for some time to come. The President, we are informed, agrees with those who argue that Huston cannot remain through the fall elections. Since many a Congressional contest may turn on the three issues of Muscle Shoals, lobbying and water power, Republican candidates may find it embarrassing should their opponents ask if they subscribe to the national chairman's views on these subjects and his methods of impressing them upon Congress.

J. R. Nutt, party treasurer, expressed a real fear when he told the President that it would be difficult to persuade the big contributors to come across so long as Mr. Huston bossed the G. O. P. As the national chairman has so clearly demonstrated, money still talks in loud tones in G. O. P. circles.

Pease in Newark Evening News

*Who?—Me?*

Moreover, we learn that the President is disappointed at the national chairman's failure as a political executive. Mr. Hoover, we know, counted on his friend to show the same energy in reorganizing the G. O. P. that he had in the field of finance—or in the Muscle Shoals lobby. Mr. Huston, however, has not taken hold with a steady or skilled hand, and party affairs were never in worse shape. Besides the revolt in the Senate, there is general dissatisfaction and bitter primary clashes are shaping up in Illinois, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. Between business and pleasure, we are told, Mr. Huston has been able to devote little time to Hooverizing the G. O. P. This, we imagine, is an unforgivable sin even in the eyes of such a non-political President as Mr. Hoover, who requires his subordinates to be on the job and jump.

When all is said and done, however, Mr. Huston's chief cause of embarrassment is that the Caraway investigators have torn the halo of wealth and importance from his attractive, grey head. The Tennesseean, we now recall, came to us as a man of affairs, of money, of vast enterprises. He was accepted as another unknown and unhonored superman, whose achievements in building and rebuilding broken-down corporations might well be duplicated in the realm of politics. He had, we heard, made millions in oil. He saw and did things in a big way, and great things were expected of him. Reports of his fondness for poker played at high stakes added a touch of romance sadly wanting in his demeanor. We were told, too, that Huston, almost thirty years ago, had foreseen the future, and, with characteristic enterprise, had switched from school-teaching to promoting and efficiencyizing. We—and that includes almost everybody, from President Hoover down to Senate pages—have been patiently holding our breath pending a sight of the Napoleonic mind in action, and all we see is a hesitant, doubtful witness making a somewhat sad spectacle of himself before several "sons of the wild jackass." Mr. Huston is disclosed to have been the principal lobbyist behind the Cyanamid-Carbide effort to get their hands on Muscle Shoals.

We think Mr. Huston might have survived even this exposure. What the politicians and their friends in business and industry cannot forget or forgive is his use of lobby contributions to pay off a brokerage indebtedness and to speculate in stocks on a 25-30 per cent margin in the Coolidge market. Though the funds eventually reached the lobby association the disclosure of his dire need for margin money irks those who took him to their bosoms and butlers as a smarter man than Jesse Livermore and a cleverer politician than "Al" Smith. Mr. Huston, in short, has lost caste and class.

A. F. C.

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# Prohibition and Its Motives

## An Editorial by Everett Dean Martin

TO THE SOCIAL psychologist, the history of prohibition in the United States is a fascinating subject, for the movement displays all the essential characteristics of crowd behavior—the usual system of obsessive ideas which cannot be dispelled by any amount of evidence, the self-idealization and assumption of moral superiority which are common symptoms of the crowd mind, and finally, an inadequately repressed and thinly disguised homicidal wish. When these three mental traits are in evidence, we are confronted by a mob movement and they are all notoriously present in prohibition, in its propaganda, in the statements of its outstanding leaders, and in its methods of enforcement. The social scientist may or may not like prohibition, but he cannot fail to be interested when there is presented to his immediate observation a great epidemic psychosis, comparable in many respects with the witchcraft episode of the past, and with the Crusades, the dancing mania of the 15th century, the massacre of the Jews in 1348, and the Inquisition.

A crowd is the result of a simultaneous psychological change in a number of people. It is a pseudo-social environment in which people—living psychologically beyond their means—may indulge themselves in anti-social behavior with mutual moral approval. It is as if people by some kind of underground intercommunication agreed together that certain high-toned moral sentiments could be used as devices which apparently justify the wish to coerce. A distinction must be made between the professed motives of a crowd and its real motives. However lofty the former, the latter are most commonly the desire to exalt the egos of the members of the crowd and to practice cruelty toward other people. The professed motives are always used to justify the real ones. Facts are ignored or their significance is distorted into special pleading. Arguments which had failed for a century to convince, and habitual "reformers" whom the public had with amusement regarded as cranks and fanatics are suddenly—and for no apparent logical reason—accepted uncritically by a faction and made instruments of its "will to power." The world is about to be saved. All who differ with the crowd are pictured not as merely mistaken but as bad people, enemies of eternal righteousness who justly deserve ruthless suppression. Persuasion is abandoned for the use of force. There is much wreckage and cruelty. Each great mob movement in history has in fact been an orgy of intolerance and killing. This in a sense was the real, though unrecognized, purpose of it, and each has found its perpetrators absolutely convinced that they were inspired only by the loftiest moral ideals. Deluded people lack what we call "insight." That is, they commonly mistake for the real motive the ideas which to their own minds rationalize and seem to justify their strange behavior.

Nothing serves such unadmitted purposes so well as a real evil to reform. Then instead of setting about to improve conditions rationally, the crowd can let itself go. It has a "moral issue." So it was with the abolitionists of slavery, whose issue—had common sense been exercised—could doubtless have resulted in the eradication of the evil without bringing half the nation prostrate in the dust. Of course that was what both crowds finally wanted in that conflict and, with both, the welfare of the Negro was speedily forgotten once he became the occasion or justification for mutual killing. So it is with prohibition. The abuses of the old organized liquor traffic should have been, and could have been, corrected by a wise procedure. But prohibition is not a solution of the liquor problem: and in the end we shall have to begin all over and doubtless at a lower level than in 1918. It is a utilization of this evil as an occasion to put a certain faction, already on the defensive in the American population, over the top and enable it to dictate to the nation after the fashion of Moscow and Mussolini. If the important motives were, as some imagine, economic, and an interest in industrial efficiency, the movement would have had its stronghold in our urban and industrial classes, which is not the case. The fact that the Eighteenth Amendment was carried through at a time when the country was excited about the Great War, and by methods of propaganda similar to those used in war time, would again indicate that it is essentially a crowd phenomenon.

To understand the psychology of prohibition, we must understand the dramatic rôle of population in American history. We must remember that as a result of certain accidents of history, our older American population missed the civilizing influences of the Renaissance and tried as never before in history to build a nation on the self-interests and prejudices of one type of man. Naturally as that type is now becoming superseded, it would result that this element of our population, seeking to maintain its fiction of superiority, would seize upon alcohol, its own dilemma, as the great criterion of decency. Drunkenness has always been one horn of the moral dilemma with our people, and very early—interesting to a psychologist—they put the blame for the weakness on those who sold them the liquor they demanded.

Since the Reformation the lower middle classes, both in Great Britain and here, have been busy actively protesting against a feeling of inferiority. Moreover, many Americans have learned their philosophy of life from poorly educated itinerant evangelists, many of whom were recruited from the class of struggling frontiersmen who saw as the chief of man's temptations, and the cause of all failures, the demon Rum.

The great danger of prohibition, as of all such mob movements, is that we may yet have a government which takes this thing seriously. That might easily mean a return of persecution. Persecution is something which factious crowds always want, and much of their moral reform is designed unconsciously to create a situation in which such action may seem justified. Persecution occurs when government, failing to preserve equilibrium among contending crowds, becomes the executioner who serves a dominant faction.

*Author of "The Behavior of Crowds" and Director of The People's Institute of New York, Mr. Martin is a recognized authority in the field of social psychology, and from this point of view he considers the movement for prohibition as an indication of American character and tendencies*

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# Compensation

## The Autobiography of an Ex-Thief

By JOHN COFFEY

*After preying on New York stores, after another prison term, and still another abortive attempt to reform, Coffey transferred his activities to New England. He virtually invited his next arrest; it was in a sense an admission of the futility of a life of crime*

ONE MORNING while I waited in my room at the Parker House in Boston for a customer, I grew restless. What next—after selling the coats? Get a woman and spend the money on her? When my money was gone, steal again, and spend again on a woman? Over and over again, that's what I'd do, unless I went to jail. What a life! I remembered the hotel had a library and went there for a book that would help me forget my thoughts. I picked out *Emerson's Essays* and started reading the essay on "Compensation." "Always pay," I read; "for, first or last, you must pay your entire debt. . . . the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. . . . The thief steals from himself." I threw the book down and said: "Emerson was a puritan preacher." I told myself he just said things dogmatically; he didn't prove anything. "How does the thief steal from himself?" I asked myself. "He steals his conscience from himself—that's what he steals. He steals his desire and ability to work; he steals his chance of opportunity. He robs himself of the companionship of every honest person. He must hate to steal, and kills in himself the power to love. He can get love only by giving, but he makes himself always seek to take. Hell," I decided; "I ought to rewrite that essay on 'Compensation.'"

The customer came while I was trying to decide whether I should wait for him and sell the coats or take them back to the store. He looked at the coats closely, fingered them carefully, and then tried to draw me into conversation. I knew he was trying to get a line on how much I knew of their value, so that if I knew little he could take advantage of it. I suspected him of being one of a kind I had met often—men who had "lost their nerve" for stealing, and then looked for chances to buy stolen stuff for much less than they knew they could sell it for; they knew thieves often were broke and in a hurry to get rid of their stuff. In times before when I had been stealing, many of his kind had come to me and told me they were in the market for my stuff. I never gave any of them a chance; I had known some of them who seemed to be on friendly terms with the police; when they couldn't make a lot of money buying stuff from a thief they tried to get favor with the police by telling on him. Sometimes they'd pay a thief a part of what he'd asked for and promise him the rest at a later date; then try to get him arrested before the later date came.

He started talking about how much lower the wholesale price of the coats was than what the stores charged for them, but I stopped him and told him whatever his arguments might be I knew exactly how much I was going to get for the coats, and that he could pay my price or kiss the coats goodbye. "How much?" he asked, not very hopefully. I told him $800, $100 more than I thought I should get; I meant to keep to the price, out of contempt for his motives, and then go out and give to some down-and-out bums twice as much as I overcharged him. I had fun watching him driven on by his desire to get the coats, and held back by wanting to pay as little as possible for them. He actually sweated. Little by little he came nearer to my price; I kept shaking my head and smiling, answering none of his arguments. When he finally paid my price his avarice for the profit still to be made had made him humble as a dog. More out of cruelty than pity I called him back when he had gone out the door with the coats, and gave him back fifty dollars, saying I had overcharged him.

"Plenty of money again," I thought, fingering the $750 in my pocket. "Plenty of money, plenty of money," I kept repeating. "What'll I do with it?" I questioned. "Buy a job? Buy love? 'The thief steals from himself. . . . First or last, you must pay your entire debt . . . . Benefit is the end of nature. . . . He who is great confers the most benefits. . . . the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody.' " I walked back and forth in the room. At last I decided: "I'll go out and surprise some bums."

In the next few days I gave money to several bums. But the thought came to me: "I'm trying to let myself down easy; giving bums a little money isn't really helping them; they need to be changed from bums into something else. That means something ought to be done to change the things that make bums. I mustn't kid myself that this Robin Hood stuff means anything. Maybe I'll stay a thief, but I won't be sentimental about it and try to justify it. I'll make myself pay for being a thief in some other way than handing out money I've stolen."

Thinking of trying to get a job, of starting some kind of a business, made me remember my experiences in New York, when I had tried both, and ended always in renewing a feeling of futility in me. Why should I think there would be a different result if I should try again? "Hell, I'll go to the Adams House where I can play pool and get drunk at the same time."

Besides playing pool and getting drunk I made nightly rounds of the cabarets. One night I was invited to join a party of two girls and another fellow. The reason for the invitation, I soon saw, was that the other fellow's money was low, and not my attractive appearance. "I don't give a damn," I told myself; "being a sucker is better than being alone." One of the girls was the other fellow's sweetheart; the other was a pretty, healthy-looking specimen, a blue-eyed blonde, whose face seemed never to have shown a trace of feeling.

In the weeks that followed I took her out each night, making the rounds of the cabarets. One night I gave her a fur coat from my third haul, which I had made in Providence. I avoided seeing her again, not wanting to. A few days later I went to Providence again, either to make another haul or get arrested, I didn't care which. I went through the motions of making the haul, brazenly and carelessly, neglecting many precautions. After I had packed up the coats and placed them, I started to leave with a man's overcoat. All the doors were locked. I shouted for the watchman, enjoying my indifference to what might happen. I found him on

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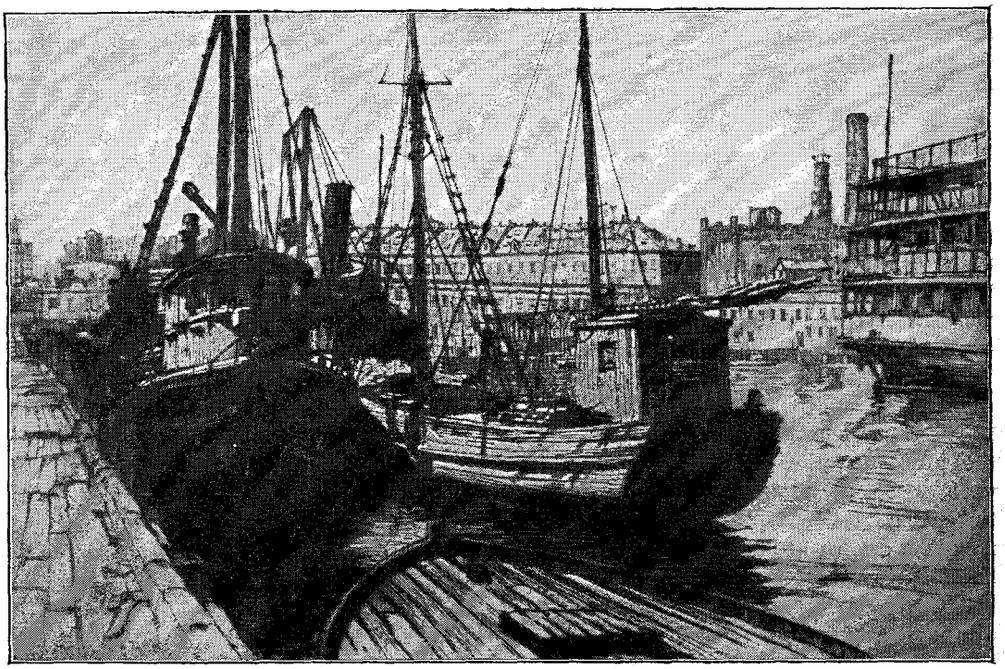
the second floor, and told him I wanted to get out. He asked me in what department I worked, seeming suspicious. "Furniture," I said; "I'm a new man." "You're face isn't familiar," he said. "Couldn't be," I said. We came to the door; he unlocked it hesitantly and I passed out. "That was a kick," I told myself.

I had packed the coats in two expensive suitcases I had taken from the leather goods department, and placed them behind a refrigerator in the basement—a very poor place, they weren't entirely out of sight. When I thought about it, the chance of getting caught if I went back for them in the morning seemed very great, and particularly so since the watchman may have been told about the theft a week before in another store, and to be on his guard; my method of stealing might have been guessed at and he might look more closely than usual in making his rounds. "Well, what of it?" I thought. "Getting the stuff under such circumstances will give me a kick; getting caught will mean I'll have to do some more reading and thinking instead of chasing around from nowhere to nowhere for no reason and with no result. I can't even get tired enough to sleep unless I stay up two or three nights. I won't stop, either, unless I go to jail. No job I can get would interest me or give me enough to live on; no woman will look at me a second time unless she thinks I have money. I wish Wilson would forget we're too proud to fight and decide to end that idiocy over there. That might give me a chance. It's the only way I'll ever let myself commit suicide. I'm glad there's a little hope of that."

I had about $100. I decided to spend it on an all-night party, so I'd be broke in the morning and would have to go after the coats. I stopped a taxi and told the driver I'd hire his cab for the night if he would help me get up a party to go around to the roadhouses. He knew where we could dig up some people. About an hour later the party, consisting of the taxi driver, a friend of his, myself and three girls, started out. At seven in the morning I borrowed fifty cents from the taxi driver to get some breakfast and cigarettes. After eating I went to my hotel room to wait until time for the store to open. I began to feel sleepy and took a cold bath.



Courtesy Harlow, McDonald & Co.

*BOSTON FISH PIER*
*An etching by Samuel Chamberlain*

The store delayed in opening more than fifteen minutes, an unusual happening. "I don't care what it means," I said. When it opened I went straight to where the stuff was, picked it up, and started out with it. Half-way up the stairway to the main floor four men with drawn guns pounced on me. I felt glad and smiled at them. One standing behind me punched me behind the ear and knocked me forward. I got up and asked him if he'd hurt his hand. One of them took the suitcases and the other three, one on either side of me holding my arm, and one behind, led me to the store office. They were puzzled because I kept smiling.

The valuation placed on the coats was $496, four dollars less than the amount which would have made my charge grand larceny instead of petit. Had I watched what coats I took their value would have been greater. The maximum sentence for petit larceny was eleven months and costs. I pleaded guilty and received the maximum. Immediately I was taken with other prisoners to the Providence County Jail, which was combined with the Rhode Island State Prison into a single institution. I told myself I was lucky in getting only eleven months. "I ought to be able to think something out in that time," I thought.

The most important feature of the place was the shirt shop operated in it under the contract labor system. Apparently the sole purpose of the place was a maximum production of shirts; nothing else seemed to matter except the preservation of the system against the opposition to it among the people of the state. A "task" was required of each man; after finishing it he could loaf, or do more work and earn tobacco. A large number earned tobacco each week; some couldn't and others wouldn't try, preferring to loaf.

The means used to get each man to do his task were well-devised. For those who did their tasks there were privileges to be enjoyed, the main one of which was the freedom of the yard twice daily, for an hour at noon and a half-hour after work. Then there was a movie once a week, and sometimes twice, and an occasional vaudeville or amateur show. Not doing one's task would incur the missing of these privileges as the result of confinement in a seclusion cell, in which one could see, hear, say and do little, but which involved no other punishment except the deprivation of the midday meal. There was also a basement dungeon, dark, cold and damp. It was used very rarely. The deputy warden, who ordered punishments, seemed to take more pride in reasoning and persuading than in punishing, and besides he knew his job was to keep men in the shop doing their task rather than to punish them. He did his job so well that the fat warden

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had nothing to do but make himself fatter by excessive eating and napping, and put in the bank most of his salary and the monthly graft given him by the contractor.

The prisoners had one permanent cause of complaint: food. Not that the amount, quality and variety of food which reached the kitchen wasn't satisfactory, but what happened to it from the time it reached there until it was served. Because the main purpose of the prison was a maximum production of shirts, every capable prisoner with a long term was put in the shirt shop; the kitchen workers were selected from those that remained, from the drunks and bums doing fifteen and thirty days, old men, and young ones too dumb to learn shirtmaking. Only the head-cook was a capable long-term prisoner. He was continually explaining to his friends among the prisoners that his failure to produce good meals was caused by the gang under him—they were dirty; neglected their work as much as possible; took the choicest portions of food to eat or to sell for tobacco, which they had no money to buy and no chance to earn. He had repeatedly asked for some good men, but each time the warden had said, "I'll see about it" and never did anything.

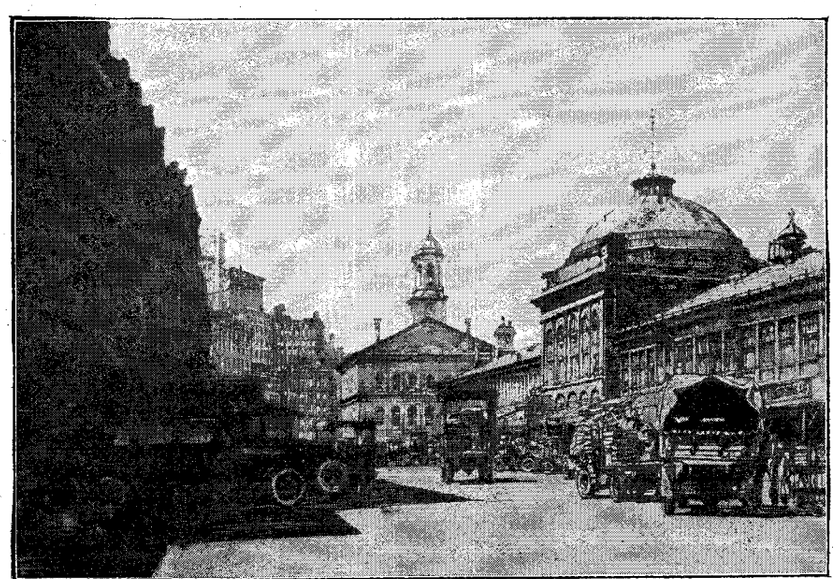
A second cause of complaint was that every one in the shop had to wash in the same trough of water or go unwashed. Because some of the prisoners were known to have syphilis most of the men went to the dining-room from the shop without washing.

In the wing where the state prisoners were kept each cell had a cot, and there was only one prisoner in each cell; on the county jail side each cell had two or three prisoners who had to sleep on straw ticks stretched on the floor.

I was assigned to the shirt shop, where I learned hemming, which was a simple and easy operation; I had no difficulty after the third day in doing the task required of me.

The large majority of books in the library were light fiction, in which I couldn't become interested. I had read most of the rest and found nothing new to interest me until one day I found *The New Basis of Civilization,* by Simon Patten. It was so interesting that when I had finished reading it, I reread it immediately.

The new basis of civilization, it showed, is mankind's possession for the first time in history of a surplus of wealth, of wealth in excess of total immediate need; hitherto deficit, and human effort to overcome it, had been the basic realities of human history.



Courtesy Harlow, McDonald & Co.

*FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON*
*An etching by Samuel Chamberlain*

Persistent deficit had made getting man's strongest, and almost his sole, desire; his fixed habit; his ideal of accomplishment. Seeking to get, because of need, habit and hope, he added to his knowledge and his tools, generation after generation, until at last he had destroyed deficit and stood with an increasing surplus and increasing power to add to it. Now he was in a new situation, calling for new aims; now he could forget needs, and think of possibilities; his greatest need now was to realize the highest possibilities his imagination could reveal to him. War was a thing belonging to his past, even though now he did possess larger and more powerful armies and armaments than ever in history; by his work and creativeness he had destroyed deficit, the cause of war; both he and his neighbor could only lose now by fighting; neither had a chance to gain except by getting together for further work and creating. For both the possibility of being free of need had been forever realized; a new goal of desire and endeavor could be set up and pursued; new and higher powers and abilities could be developed and enjoyed.

These thoughts, some of them from the book, and the others fitted in by my imagination, kept me afire for days and weeks. I laughed at myself for having been languishing in futility and despair. I was a part of this wonderful humanity that had had so heroic a past and should have so sublime a future; it was up to me merely to find out and do my share of its work.

One day I read that the German government had announced it intended to renew its U-boat campaign, and that at last the United States would probably enter the War. I was glad; with the United States going in, the War would end sooner than it otherwise could; Wilson should have seen that long ago, instead of talking about being too proud to fight, and peace without victory. The thing to do first was to end the War as soon as possible. It had lasted long enough to prove no one could gain by it and that instead every one must lose. Not hope of gain was keeping it going, but pride; Europe was too proud to quit fighting; out of the wreck each side wanted only to save its pride. Wilson could save the pride of both. He could say, at the end: "Both of you are in need; take a part of our surplus and join us in a new effort in a new world; in an effort of giving instead of getting, in the new world of surplus and responsibility that has taken the place of the old one of deficit and need." What a chance Wilson had! The greatest chance ever given any man.

The declaration of War made me jubilant. I began trying to think of a way to get out before my time was up so I could get into the army. "What if I should get killed? Well, it'll be because I'll be doing the best thing I can think of—helping to end the War as soon as possible. If I do the best thing I can think of, nothing else will mat-

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ter." I wrote a letter to the secretary of the pardon board, telling of my sincere desire to get into the army and asking that I be paroled only upon the condition that I join the army. Weeks passed, and no answer came. I could think of no other way in which I might get out.

ONE EVENING at an entertainment in the chapel an instructor of sociology at Brown University who was present, spoke to the prisoners at the warden's request. He said his visit had resulted from an interest in finding out the best way for the state to spend on its penal and charitable institutions, $8,000,000 which it had just obtained for that purpose by a bond issue. As a sociologist it was his function to furnish ideas on such matters, but the ideas he had been able to form in relation to the question were very tentative and of uncertain value, and if any of the prisoners had any suggestions to make he'd be glad to have them write him.

The next day I wrote him a letter. In answering it he said it had surprised and interested him because of the firm grasp of general ideas which it showed; he would be coming to the prison in a short while and would ask to talk with me. When he came we talked for an hour, and on leaving he promised to send me some books. One of them was the textbook on sociology he used in his classes. It gave me two new ideas that I thought important. One of them was that while Darwin was right in saying nature never makes a leap, evolution quite plainly took sudden changes of direction. This was in line with Simon Patten's idea that the arrival of a condition of surplus in the place of that of deficit, would cause mankind to enter upon a new path of action and experience. The other idea was that nature's sole aim seemed to be "life, and ever more life;" always she filled every nook and cranny with life.

Slow days droned by; doldrum days of hemming shirts, which I had come to do with as little consciousness as the machine I operated. All the library books that could interest me I had read; to keep occupied evenings until bedtime I played cribbage with my cell-partners. Sometimes I could hardly keep from rage at the thought that my mind would be so dead at the end of my term that I'd better give up hoping that my thinking would some day amount to something.

Draft-registration day came, and registering gave me a thrill that lasted for awhile; but I told myself I must watch out against enthusiasm with no chance to do anything, that I might get the habit of depending on enthusiasm for most of my pleasure, instead of depending on action.

Unexpectedly a chance for action came suddenly. After an extremely hot night that prevented much sleep, the prisoners went to breakfast—it was July 31—and found the cereal half-cooked and served without any milk. No one touched it. "Give us something to eat!" many shouted. The prisoner-cook came into the dining-room and said the cereal was half-cooked because the man supposed to watch it hadn't paid any attention to it, and that there was no milk because of the forty-five quarts that had come to the kitchen early in the morning thirty-five quarts had disappeared. "The same things happened right along, but I wouldn't let 'em put water this morning in place of the milk they stole. I've kicked about this all I'm going to, too; you guys can suit yourself if you want to stand it or do something about it." "Let's strike," some one shouted. Thought of the terribly hot day ahead, perhaps more than anything else, made every one like the idea. When we reached our places in the shop only a few started to work, but they stopped soon because other fellows kicked the belts from the pulleys that turned their machines. Then every one sat smiling and grinning.

THE GUARDS said and did nothing, waiting for instructions. The deputy warden that same morning had gone off on his vacation. The warden still slept. The guard who was filling the deputy's place went from man to man asking each to go to work. "Not unless the others do," nearly every one answered. He apparently could think of no other plan, except to wait for the warden to get out of bed and come to the shop. The morning wore on, while weight and habit detained the warden. Tension, in both guards and prisoners, became visible. The guards sometimes fingered their guns; prisoners, seeing the gesture, changed from grinning to grimness.

At 10 o'clock, after three hours, the warden came, waddling and puffing. He got up on the guard's platform and, after getting his breath, asked: "What's this all about? Got a spokesman? Who's your spokesman?" Several of the fellows called my name, gesturing to me to get up. I waited, trying to think of what to say. The warden called to me, asking if I could tell him what was the matter. I stood up and said that I could think of several things that were the matter, but that I didn't know if every one else thought as I did about these things, and that besides I didn't want to say what I thought in front of an excited crowd and stir up more excitement. "Something should have been done about this hours ago," I said. "My best suggestion is to have the men elect a committee to represent them, and then for you and the committee to go outside and talk things over; this is no place to settle anything; talking would do more harm than good here." "I'm running this prison," he said; "no prisoner is going to run it, nor no committee." "All right, warden," I said; "I've given my best suggestion. You don't have to take it." He stood sweating and bewildered, trying to think. No idea came. After a minute he said: "Go ahead and elect your committee."

THERE were four shops and I decided to have two men elected by each shop. The voting took about fifteen minutes. Then the committee declared me chairman and I told the warden we were ready. He wanted us to ask the men to go back to work, but the committee unanimously decided against it. The warden went out into the yard and we followed, talking things over among ourselves. We agreed to insist principally on two things: reorganization of the kitchen staff by replacing the short-time bums with fellows who had longer terms and were more capable and considerate, and the installation of decent washing facilities in the shops. The warden said he couldn't make such changes because he didn't have the authority; he offered instead another moving-picture each week, and an additional hour in the yard on Sundays; and also he said if we fellows on the committee would do the right thing by him and end the strike before it went any further he'd do all he could to help us get out. We asked who had the authority to grant the changes we'd asked. He said the State Penal and Charitable Commission. We said we'd have to have an interview with that Commission before we'd ask the men to go back to work. He said he'd phone the members of the Commission. I went to each of the shops and told the men the result of the talk with the warden,

(Please Turn to Page 558)

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# Charting a Safe Course

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

*Modern business, says Mr. Scroggs, is so complex that there is no single reliable barometer; the wise executive keeps an eye on all available data of industrial activity*

BACK in 1919, when the post-armistice boom was at its height, the head of a large manufacturing concern began to suspect the thing was too good to last and that it might be well to prepare for a possible storm. While other manufacturers, therefore, were negotiating new bank loans, enlarging their plants, adding to their inventories and extending additional credits to their plants, adding to their inventories and extending additional credits to their customers, he decided to follow an exactly opposite course, though in doing so he met with much questioning from some members of his board of directors. Then a few months later came the well-remembered buyers' strike, with the consequent collapse of war-time prices and a long period of stagnation and depression. Other manufacturers were now struggling with frozen credits and inflated inventories, but he had little to worry about on this score. The conservative policy which he had followed in the last stage of the boom was fully vindicated.

While discussing these incidents some time thereafter with a visitor, this manufacturer was asked where he got his "hunch" that the big break was coming. He replied that he had no hunch, but that he had acted on careful observation. When the boom was in full blast he had noticed, among other symptoms of heavy spending, that a large number of cars were carrying brand-new spare tires, and occasionally a pair of them. He decided to keep a record of this symptom, and so had an observer posted on a busy highway to make a count of the passing cars and of their spare-tire equipment. This count was repeated at intervals, and after a time the proportion of "spares" began to decline quite perceptibly. This was one of the developments which convinced the manufacturer that a reaction was impending and that it would be well for him to set his business in order against its arrival.

This story is of interest because it represents one of the pioneer efforts of business executives to chart a safe course by watching developments in other businesses than their own. Today this is a common practice among large business organizations. Many of them employ an economist or statistician who devotes his entire time to the study and analysis of all data of general business which may have any bearing upon the fortunes of the company he serves. The work of this sort for a single corporation often covers an amazingly wide field. The executives of an electrical manufacturing concern, for example, need all the information they can get with regard to conditions which may affect the trend of prices of copper, lead, steel, silk and rubber. Is it better to buy these materials in quantity now or to postpone heavy commitments on the prospect of lower prices at a later date? To reach a conclusion on this question may require a study of copper output in Chile, of the new silk crop in Japan, of rubber production in Malaysia, of the probable demand for steel in this country by railroads and motor-car manufacturers, and so on.

IN LIKE manner, the prospective demand for electrical equipment will be governed in considerable degree by the amount of building activity in coming months, and the amount of building activity will be governed in turn by the level of interest rates and the state of general business. This means that the company's economic expert must take cognizance of everything which may affect commercial and industrial activity in the immediate future. Crop yields and prices, freight-car loadings, wholesale and retail trade, the production of basic commodities, wages and employment conditions, exports, money rates and the volume of bank credit, corporate earnings, the trend of commodity and security prices—all these must be carefully watched and the possible significance of any changes in them duly indicated.

This is a far cry from the old days when a business executive's sole barometers, if he had any at all, were pig iron and the stock market. Recent technological changes in the iron and steel industry have deprived data of pig-iron output of their former barometric significance. The stock market also was once regarded as a good barometer for general business, but the inflation of recent memory has wiped out whatever reputation of this sort it may once have enjoyed. Modern business, indeed, is so complex that there is no single reliable barometer. The same set of influences at different times may produce quite different results, because the factors which are most active on one occasion may be the least active at another. Some of our clever business statisticians have constructed composite curves whose fluctuations have appeared at times to anticipate changes in business activity. It usually happens, however, that just about the time the inventor of the new barometer feels that he has at last found something reliable his statistical device plays him a scurvy trick by indicating expansion or contraction when it should have done just the opposite.

The only safe course for the business executive, therefore, is to keep an eye on all available data of business activity. It is only within the past decade that the importance of general business statistics has come to be fully appreciated. The World War had something to do with bringing this about. In 1917-18, when the Government undertook to mobilize the country's industries for War service, it was found that all sorts of data regarding stocks on hand, plant capacity, available sources of raw materials, and so forth, were needed before there could be any intelligent planning. The result was an enormous expansion of the Government's statistical service.

The violent post-war readjustments of 1920-21 did much to convince the country's business leaders that if they wished to steer a safe course thereafter they would have to rely on facts rather than "hunches." Not only has the statistical service been expanded, but the compilation has been speeded up so that the figures will be available while they are still fresh and can be put to practical use. It is no longer necessary for a corporation president to keep his own record of spare tires on automobiles in order to gauge the general trend of business and adapt the policies of his organization to it. There is other information ready for his use which may serve his purposes better.

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# The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

## Distribution's First Census

FOR SOME YEARS, thanks to the far-seeing business pioneers who gave us a census of manufactures, we have had a fairly good idea of what goods we make and where they are fabricated. Now, for the first time, we are promised dependable statistics on how and where they are marketed.

The need of a census of distribution has been apparent for a long time, and the snail-pace development of the idea is one of the mysteries of modern business. That the inertia has finally been overcome is due in large measure to the Department of Commerce and to the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, which staged the National Distribution Conference in 1925 and the National Wholesale Conference in 1928-29.

Manufacturers and wholesalers will doubtless benefit most by the data developed in the distribution census. In planning sales campaigns, definite knowledge as to how many retail outlets there are and where they are located will be invaluable. But the retailer, on whom will fall the heaviest burden of fact and figure reporting, will benefit too. His attitude toward the census should be one of cheerful, thoroughgoing co-operation. If he complies promptly and fully with the requirements of the Census Bureau, and studies the results of the complete census carefully, he will find that the investment of time and trouble pays generous dividends.

## Reviving the Bike

FINDING HIMSELF not broken, although badly bent, by his collision with the automobile manufacturer, the bicycle maker gets up, brushes off the dust and resumes his pedaling. His head is bloody but unbowed.

It is to be hoped that the "wheel" industry, which increased its gross sales about 35 per cent in 1929 and is confident of even better business during 1930, will find the road smooth and free of obstacles. In all fairness, the industry should succeed. It provides, at a price within the reach of virtually every one, a means of locomotion which is safe, health-giving and pleasurable to many people of both sexes and all ages.

In Europe the bicycle has consistently fared better than in the United States. Here the motor car has completely dominated the thoroughfares, to the discouragement of both pedestrian and wheelman. Abroad the hiker and the bicycle rider appear to have been more successful, thus far, in disputing the right of way with the automobile.

Sales possibilities for the bicycle trade seem to be greatest in the smaller cities and suburban towns. Children's models are in good demand, and this holds for the larger cities as well as the smaller communities. The bicycle industry is evidently on the up-grade, and if it will do one thing more and prohibit the use of its product in six-day races it will earn the eternal gratitude of a long-suffering public.

### INDICES

*(A two-minute summary)*

**Commodity Prices** (Fisher's Index—1926=100) March 22—90.7. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) March 22—82.3.

**Car Loadings** (American Railway Assn.) Week ended March 8—873,548 cars (reduction of 25,641 under preceding week and of 73,991 under same week of 1929).

**Steel Ingot Production** Week ended March 15—74% of capacity (reduction of 2% under preceding week and of 20.5% under same week of 1929).

**Crude Oil Production** Week ended March 15—daily average gross 2,583,200 barrels (increase of 47,850 over preceding week; reduction of 41,950 under same week of 1929).

**Grain Exports** Week ended March 15—675,000 bushels (reduction of 170,000 under preceding week and of 1,166,000 under same week of 1929).

**Bank Clearings** (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended March 20—$12,377,134,000 (increase of 14.6% over preceding week; reduction of 18.2% under same week of 1929).

**Failures** (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended March 20—558 (reduction of 2 under preceding week; increase of 120 over same week of 1929).

## Bigger and Better Catalogs?

RUMORS of an impending merger of our two largest mail order houses are cropping up again. General R. E. Wood, president of Sears, Roebuck & Co., and George B. Everitt, head of the Montgomery Ward enterprise, deny that the reports have any substantial basis in fact. Silas H. Strawn and Julius Rosenwald, chairmen of the two boards, are conveniently absent from the storm center.

It is no secret that the foray of the mail order houses into the retail store field has not proved all beer and skittles. The Sears, Roebuck concern has about 300 retail outlets; and Montgomery Ward, with 500 in operation, plans to open 200 more during 1930. Both enterprises are suffering from growing pains, and each may be looking for a shoulder to weep on. The troubles are, of course, chiefly administrative problems.

From the point of view of the public, the burning question is what is going to happen to the catalog. The Department of Justice will see that no unfair methods of competition are used, but who will guarantee the size, weight and texture of the new sales material? The President might do worse than to set up a new Commission, under the able chairmanship of Chic Sale.

## Know and Use Your Bank

ONE WHO VISITS large, small and middle-sized business houses from one Portland to the other encounters a surprising number of one-book men. The lone volume may deal with sales, or credits, or accounting, but frequently it is a book on banking and the author is William H. Kniffin.

A second edition of Mr. Kniffin's *The Business Man and His Bank* (McGraw-Hill $3.00) is now available for the use of those who have worn out the first edition with much thumbing.

With a serviceable binding and durable paper, the new edition is admirably designed to stand the strenuous handling which it is certainly going to receive.

Most writers on banking have dealt with the subject from within, directing their message to the bank clerk or the student of banking. This book treats the bank from the outside looking in. It shows what the bank can do for the business man, and what he should expect it to do. In discussing credit, for example, Mr. Kniffin tells what the applicant for a loan should bring to the bank rather than what the officer of the bank should require. This is a fresh, logical and extremely useful point of view.

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# The Leisure Arts

## *Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies*

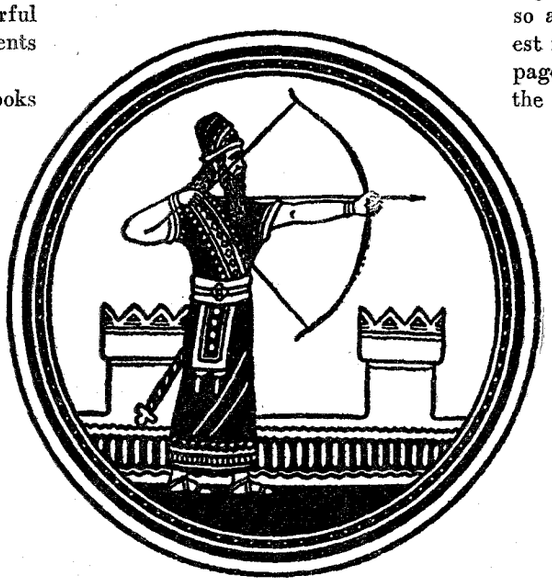
### Women in War

WOMEN ARE pretty matter of fact creatures. When you find one that isn't, you find an anomaly. They don't like war very much. War is for dreamers. Women should be kept away from it. They should occupy themselves with keeping up the supply of warriors. If the women who went to war were as articulate as the men, we should have less war literature and more human documents. It's better the way it is, for literature is powerful and will endure when human documents are on the trash heap.

We have read only three war books by women: *My A. E. F.*, a piece of rank tosh, *It's A Great War*, said by Y. workers to be good reporting and known by us to be bad writing, and *Stepdaughters of War* by Helen Zenna Smith (Dutton $2.50), the most horrifying book we ever read.

*Stepdaughters of War* is the fact by fact story of an English girl who was an ambulance driver in Flanders. That it is all true, we have not the slightest doubt. That it all happened to one woman, we cannot believe. That it or any part of it happened to thousands of women is more than enough to account for the psychic miseries of the post-war world.

Here you have a girl of twenty driven into service by the bleating patriotism of her sock-knitting, committee-trotting, flag-waving elders. Lousy, half-starved, going for months on four hours broken sleep a night, she drives an ambulance back of the lines. She carries six "stretchers" and three "sitters." One "stretcher" is disembowelled, one is coughing up his lungs in cupfuls, one is a head with young eyes and a torso with four red blobs where the limbs were, one is a strong body with no face, one is a shrieking madman, one is shell-shocked and howls like a wolf. The sitters are merely handless, or stinking with gangrene, or wobbly with trench fever. The girl takes them to the hospital through the dark, over pitted roads. Above the steady roar of guns, she can hear them fighting behind her. Her language matches theirs. Then there is another load, and another. Afterwards, it is time to use the ambulance for a hearse, to carry five soldiers and a nurse and a V. A. D. who killed herself up to the cemetery on the hill. If there is any tepid cocoa left when she gets in at three she can drink it before she sleeps in her clothes until seven. In the morning, she must be clean without water and strong without food, and her ambulance must be scrubbed sweet inside and out, engine running and tires firm to start again. Between times, she must get out of the way of air-raids if she can, and pick up the pieces of the girls who couldn't. She must keep the commandant from knowing that two of the V. A. D.'s in the unit "aren't attractive to men;" and read busy, prideful letters from home. On leave, she may sleep with a boy who is going out to get killed next day, help her sister through an abortion, dance with the lad she will marry when the war is over and who will, by that time, have been unsexed by a splinter of shell, and listen to her parents boast about doing their bit for England. And it is harder to face them down, to burn her uniform and say that she is through with war than it is to go back and do it all over again.



*Drawn by Theodore Nadejen for "Arrogance" by Louis Couperus (Farrar & Rinehart)*

If you want to know more about women in war, you had better read Miss Helen Zenna Smith's book. "Savage, unsentimental, pitifully true, and profoundly compassionate" says the jacket. It isn't art. It is war.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

### The Week's Reading

"THE ASKING PRICE" by Helen Hull (Coward McCann $2.50) is a reekingly sentimental tale on a trite theme, so ably written that it holds the interest from first line to last. On the first page, one finds an eager lad, full of the creative urge, with poems in his pockets and dreams in his head, betrayed by love into marriage with a cool, competent beauty. The rest of the book, every detail of the plot and every development of the characters is exactly what might be expected. Oliver gets a professorial job in a jerkwater college instead of an artist's life, children instead of poems, conformity instead of freedom, good care instead of love, and success instead of happiness. All he can do is to help his youngest daughter to grow up rebellious, succor of doubtful blessing. The characters are grossly exaggerated. Oliver, his mother and his little Olive and his sweet secret, Kate, are all that is fine. Audrey, her section of the family and her friends, all that is insufferable. The author evidently feels that Oliver's too easy acquiescence in the stifling of his hopes is the cause of his failure, that the price which he paid for love and marriage is too great. Perhaps; but it is not love which betrays these young high hearts. It is life. For one that runs free, one hundred thousand must be broken to her plough. It is always sad, and it is always the same.

As a study in character *Arms Length* by John Metcalfe (Scribners $2.50) is well worth reading, although its plot is hard to follow and its style is rather determined than ingratiating. The hero is an Englishman of good connections who is incapable of coming to grips with anything or any one. Without will of his own he slips into en-

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tanglements with two women, Mary, the "ideal match" for him, and Sisley, product of the "lower middle classes." Eventually, he has two establishments on his hands and two babies on the way. Through the Sisley affair, he becomes involved in a murder. Mary tries to help, but the situation is hopeless. Sisley jumps into a pond and Mary, into the divorce court. The bewildered male slips vaguely along toward what seems to mean death for him and can hardly be anything but a good riddance to his friends. Mr. Metcalfe is skillful in the portrayal and development of character. His leading character is convincing and interesting, a heroic achievement when one considers the qualities of which he is made. But he is especially successful with Mrs. Pound, mother of Sisley, a headstrong limpet of a female, fit to stand beside the fearsome Mrs. Condover of Metcalfe's earlier novel.

A fresh poetic style and the courage to write romantically distinguish Claire Spencer, whose *Gallows Orchard* (Cape and Smith $2.50) is a rural tragedy, laid in Scotland. It is the story of a strange wayward beauty whom three men love to their spiritual undoing, and about whose proud head murder and secret lust and hatred swirl. Marriage and child birth and death take on distorted forms for Effie Gallows. Her neighbors loathe and fear her, and eventually the village children stone her to death. The unreality of the story is enhanced by the author's curious way with words which gives them the effect of forcing themselves past unaccustomed and reluctant lips. The book seems to this reader promise rather than fulfilment.

*Frost in April* by Malachi Whitaker (Cape and Smith $2.50) is a collection of short stories about English peasants and village folk, told in pure, spare prose which has perfect fitness to the subject. The stories are built for the most part around a single incident; each is a scene enclosed in a frame. They are tragedies; tragedies of brow beaten mother and little boy who are not allowed by "t' father" to keep the music-box they have painfully bought; tragedies of the old woman who threw away the past when her last son died and became a girl again. All the people live with the majesty of the humble, and their stories are moving but never cheaply pathetic, as though even in disappointment and pain these simple souls had retained proud hopefulness. Mrs. Whitaker is gifted. Her stories are among the best that this reviewer has read for a long time.

*The Truth About Wagner* by Philip Hurn and Waverly Root (Stokes $3.), like all truth about anybody, is what somebody thinks is the truth. In this case it is what two men, who have given much time to the subject and have investigated hitherto unavailable sources, have decided to be the truth about Wagner's relation to his first wife, Minna, and his second, the redoutable Cosima. Wagner's music remains the same whichever lady inspired it. Musically inclined readers who enjoy gossip about personalities will find much to interest them in the book.

Critical essays, most of them very short, which A. R. Orage has contributed to various journals over a period of years are gathered into *The Art of Reading* (Farrar and Rinehart $2.50). The title is not quite appropriate but the book is worth reading. Orage is an original and provocative critic and has always been an influential one. His range of interest is wide and the subjects of these papers are as varied as books and writers are. Much of the material is by no means controversial. But plenty of people will not agree with the beliefs expressed in the last group of papers, under the heading Today and Tomorrow. Not all who share Orage's despair over contemporary culture can be convinced of the efficacy of the remedy in which he has faith. "If the rediscovery of Greek culture gave us mediaeval and modern Europe," says Orage, "the rediscovery of ancient Indian culture will give us the Europe of tomorrow." His presentation of this theory is, to this reader, more interesting than convincing. Any one who enjoys speculating about what he reads and why he reads it will find Orage's book stimulating.

Not ordinarily fond of travel books, this reviewer has been pleased with the forthright simplicity with which Barrett Willoughby in *Sitka, Portal to Romance* (Houghton, Mifflin $3.) approaches the task of telling people about a place which does not offer too much copy in a way which may tempt them into going there. The Russian and Indian elements in the story of Sitka are the ones which are most romantic and they are well played up.

A good accompaniment to Miss Willoughby's book is a *History of Alaska* by Henry W. Clark (Macmillan $2.), an informative and authentic study of the geography and history of the territory, written in easy, readable fashion. And here is Alaska again in *The Wilderness of Denali* by Charles Sheldon (Scribners $6.), a record of the exploration of a hunter-naturalist in the country which lies around Mt. McKinley, pleasantly written and beautifully illustrated.


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*None So Pretty* by Margaret Irwin (Harcourt, Brace $2.50) is a tragical comedy of Restoration England, by no means faultless in construction, but a delightful book to read. It is a deft blend of bitter romance such as might be set in any world and authentic seventeenth century scenes which recall *Orlando* in atmosphere and style. It is absorbing, moving, exquisite; written with insight, ironic fancy, wit and artless artifice. Had we the space, we could praise it for a page.

*Excursion to Tilsit* by Hermann Sudermann (Liveright $2.50) is a collection of powerful short stories dealing with the life of Lithuanian peasants. The author has observed them sympathetically and at first hand. Nominal Catholics, they still live in fear of pagan gods, giving even their lives to propitiate them. Miks Bumbullia, the murderer, must return to the grave of his daughter to appease Gillinna, goddess of death, even though the police await him there. These peasants do not share the naïve optimism about life of those who live in a machine world. They live too close to the source of their precarious being. To us they seem stolid and slow moving. But for all their apparent hopelessness, they retain vitality and persistence. Among the stories, that of Jons and Erdma who, having built a home by tricks and cunning are tricked out of it at last by their daughters, compares favorably with Turgeniev's *Lear of the Steppes* as a story of faith and treachery.

*The Seventh Gate* by Muriel Harris (Harper $2.50) is built on a theme compounded of Pygmalion and Trilby. The heroine is a spinster music teacher until her discovery of the theory of sublimation and a knock on the head turn her into a Trilby. The men whom she once pursued, now pursue her. But she will have none of them. She dies as melodramatically as Trilby, after singing divinely before a crowded London house. Silly as the theme is, the book holds the reader's attention. The author writes with a refreshing, malicious humor, and builds round characters.

*Turn Back the Leaves* by E. M. Delafield (Harper $2.50) deals with the unhappy fate of Catholic girls condemned to mix marriage in order to marry at all. The theme has possibilities which remain undeveloped because the author is too busy giving an unconvincing background of English aristocracy to take the time to develop her characters as human beings. Illegitimate daughters seem to be the thing in the aristocracy just now.

*Lady Jean* by Frank Dilnot (Holt $2.50) is a brisk historical novel dealing with the intrigues of Richelieu and Buckingham to prevent Charles I from marrying lovely Lady Jean instead of the French princess whom he must, for political reasons, wed. The story of Lady Jean's abduction by an English D'Artagnan is excitingly told. The tale is as interesting and meretricious in style as Sabatini's work, which it resembles.

*In Spite of All Rejoicing* (Duffield $2.50) is the War diary of an anonymous British officer who served through the War, first with a London regiment, next with a Scottish one, and finally with the Royal Flying Corps. In his introduction to the diary, Henry Williamson says, "The entries are personal, yet seldom subjective, usually vivid and always restrained." The diary is profoundly impressive, made so by its perfect simplicity.

All New Yorkers, born and bred, will be delighted by *Five Generations* by Margaret Armstrong (Harper $5.00), a collection of family letters, carefully edited and conveniently larded with explanatory paragraphs. The letters are dated from 1773 to 1897. They were written and received by ancestors of the editor; written from many places here and abroad, received mostly in and around New York, for the Fishes, Livingstons, Armstrongs, Ten Broecks, Hamiltons, Maitlands and so on who wrote and received them are New Yorkers. The letters disclose the activities and opinions of people of breeding, intelligence and considerable influence during the first hundred years of our nation's independent life. Intimate letters, for the most part, they reveal more than documents and state papers. Such family treasures are rare here where most people move every ten years, live without attics and keep rummage sales going.

A pleasant and thoroughly readable biography of Robert Louis Stevenson is *The Frail Warrior* by Jean-Marie Carré (translated by Eleanor Hard: Coward McCann $3.). Reading it one gets an inkling of why "R. L. S." is no longer the sacred symbol that it was twenty years ago. It is a pity, though, that the passing of a personal cult should be accompanied by a general disposition to dismiss Stevenson's grand stories as artificial and juvenile. As interpreted by Carré, sympathetically but calmly, Stevenson becomes rather pathetic than heroic. Though it is hard to say why there should be anything pitiful about a life which though not very long was very full and which will be remembered as long as men, fleeing actuality, find refuge in romance between covers.

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## Behind the Blurbs

"I KNOW NO interesting reason why people should read and own books," says Manuel Komroff. "I did once think that books were windows to a big world, but now I am inclined to think that they are trap-doors to cellars of confusion. The truth may well lie between." Between what? Between the window and the cellar? Mr. Komroff has trapped us in a cellar of confusion by this statement. ☙ ☙ ☙ Speaking of cellars of confusion, how about the Humanism controversy? A new contribution to which we look for light is Gorham B. Munson's *Humanism in the Twentieth Century,* to be pub. in June. ☙ ☙ ☙ *Stars Tonight,* to be pub. in the fall, will be the first book of poems to come from Sara Teasdale in several years. ☙ ☙ ☙ For April the Lit. Guild selects Gorki's *The Bystander;* the Book o' the Month Club gives the accolade to Claire Spencer's *Gallows Orchard.* ☙ ☙ ☙ A new translation of *The Decameron,* decorated by Thomas Maitland Cleland, will be issued to subscribers of the Limited Ed. Club. ☙ ☙ ☙ Additions to Appleton Dollar Library: Dowden's *History of French Literature;* Anna Steese Richardson's *Etiquette at a Glance;* and Brand Whitlock's *Forty Years of It,* (which we thought at first blush must be a life of Ninon de l'Enclos.) ☙ ☙ ☙ And speaking of forty years, G. A. Henty's books have been read by boys for that length of time, and are still going strong, according to Scribners, who have 59 Henty books still available. ☙ ☙ ☙ *The Purple Cloud*[1], by M. P. Shiel, is a reissue of a book first pub. in 1901. It's the story of a man who comes back from the North Pole to find the human race dead—all except, of course, one woman. He rides around on ships and locomotives and builds himself a palace and so on. But despite some very fine writing in a style which is eccentric at times to the point of incoherence, and irritatingly buries a really remarkable narrative gift, we did not upon finishing it "cry aloud to the morning stars" as Mr. Van Vechten reports having done. ☙ ☙ ☙ Sketches of twenty American nature lovers and writers are included in *American Naturists*[2] — among them Audubon, Thoreau, Burroughs, Muir, Akeley, Andrews, Beebe and Seton. A book that all nature lovers will enjoy. ☙ ☙ ☙ Unusual tales of yachts, of tramp steamers and adventures by land and sea, in *Not Without Dust and Heat*[3]. The humorous stories are to us what *Three Men in a Boat* was to an earlier generation; *A Savage Island* and *A Little Sail* will become classics, to be read aloud again and again—as for that matter will *A Drug on the Market* and *Sparring Partners.* A delightful book. ☙ ☙ ☙ All of James B. Connolly's Gloucester fishing fleet stories have been collected in one vol., *Gloucestermen*[4], with three not hitherto pub. (Apr. Catholic Book Club choice.) ☙ ☙ ☙ All the bunk, the pretence, the false inspiration and idealism which permeates the American business world is portrayed for us, very simply and without comment, in *The Company*[5], a series of sketches of a group of office workers, from the boss down, in the Editorial Bureau of The Company, described by the office manager as just one big family. It is true, unfortunately, but it is not the whole picture. Not all bureau chiefs and salesmen and clerks and stenographers are as fooled by their jobs as the author would have us think. A fairer picture would have shown a larger proportion of workers who had retained their sanity. ☙ ☙ ☙ *The Murder on Beacon Street*[6] tells how a Radcliffe instructress is enticed by a frightened woman into a house containing a corpse, is arrested, then rescued by a Harvard instructor, who later solves the mystery. A good yarn with real people, thoroughly Back Bay. ☙ ☙ ☙ Mrs. Hogarth's parrot faithfully recorded that lady's last words when, in *The Avenging Parrot*[7], she died by strangulation in her boarding house room. The fledgling dick, Bonnie Dundee, soft-boiled but brainy, tracked down the murderer by refusing to accept any likely prospect that didn't answer the bird's description. A good yarn that sticks to the point and gives you a fair chance to pick your own candidate for the noose. A couple of supplementary stranglings add interest. ☙ ☙ ☙ *Who Killed Charmian Karslake?*[8] also includes the question: who subsequently bashed Mrs. Dicky Moreton over the head in the shrubbery? Was it the husband of the former or the husband of the latter, or both? A fairly well written mystery, but containing two Americans, Sadie Moreton and her pa, Silas P. Juggs, of the English story book type. Why do all English authors, after reading a volume or two of Mark Twain and Bret Harte, feel themselves competent to write colloquial American? Oh, well! ☙ ☙ ☙ *In at the Death*[9] concerns a murdered whiskey baron, with poison and blackmail on the side. Maj. Lewis, the private agent "whose

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5. By Edwin Seaver: Macmillan, $2.00.
6. By Wyndham Martin: McBride, $2.00.
7. By Anne Austin: Greenberg, $2.00.
8. By Annie Haynes: Dodd Mead, $2.00.
9. By David Fromme: Longmans, $2.00.

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baggy tweeds conceal so much originality," with so much success, solves a mystery which leaves the perpetrators aghast but the readers agape. ⁂ Maybe it was the young heiress, Adrienne Van Doorn, who stuck a knife into Gloria, the dancer, in *The Ace of Spades*[10]. On the other hand, Lefty Lewis was around that night. And those were curious words, too, that Gloria said just before she died. Who was the Ace of Spades? And who pinched the crown jewels? You will be kept mildly excited while reading this one, which rates B plus. ⁂ In *Murder on the Marsh*[11] Francis McNab known as The Lamplighter, a famous crime solver, murmuring his favorite Gaelic expletives at the proper intervals, springs his trap to catch the murderer of James Cardew, an elderly gent who dwelt close to the sombre and historic Romney Marsh. Local color flares at *The Woolpack*, an old smugglers' inn, where the local constabulary meet. There are several likely suspects, but too much stress is laid on the mystery of the marsh and what it hides, and the one thrill came at the end of the book, when we were too weary with rather involved sleuthing to react. ⁂ Mary Roberts Rinehart has the knack of telling a story. Her characters are human, her plots well built to hold your interest. In her new mystery story, *The Door*[12], the murder of a nurse starts a series of crimes involving the household and family of Miss Elizabeth Jane Bell, who tells the story. At last her cousin, Jim Blake, is arrested. Intricate family relationships and motives are uncovered, some of which point toward his guilt, some toward his innocence. The denouement is logical and startling. A very ingenious story, and though complex, not confusing. Marred slightly by the author's regrettable habit of hinting at the future, telling of events which won't happen for a month or two. ⁂ *Cyrano*[13] is an excellent cloak and sword romance which fills with exciting fiction certain lacunae in the known life of M. de Bergerac. It tells how as the result of killing a man and falling in love with a lady he became involved in the plots of Richelieu, Cinq-Mars, the English and the Huguenots went to Mont St. Michel with the rascally d'Effiat, and after much scheming and fighting saved both France and his lady. ⁂ *Author Unknown*[14] is mystery with a difference. Horrie Pedler objected to publishing Marmion Poole's rather scandalous reminiscences. Then Miss Pedler was found dead at the foot of her fire escape. Accident, said every one. But the reminiscences were found burned in her fireplace. Among those interested were her ward, Gilda Bedenham, her publicity man, Koko Fry, her business manager, Savory. A story of literary London by two authors who have distinguished themselves in other fields, with an ending that will surprise you, and containing the best description we have ever read of a concert, from the point of view of a non-musical listener. ⁂ Two delightful anthologies have recently appeared. *The Anthology of Invective and Abuse*[15], compiled by Hugh Kingsmill, contains outbursts of wrath, righteous and otherwise, from the pens of some sixty great men, from Shakespeare to Shaw. None of these selections are from the pen of a woman, since, as far as he has been able to ascertain, says the editor, "women do not require the outlet of literature for such invective as they may from time to time be moved to deliver. ⁂ The second anthology is *The Stuffed Owl: an Anthology of Bad Verse*[16], which includes only specimens of "good" bad verse, in speaking of which the editors, Messrs. D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Charles Lee, make the following distinction: "Bad bad verse is a strong but inexperienced female child doggedly attacking Debussy's *Fêtes* in a remote provincial suburb on a hire-payment pianoforte. Good bad verse is Rummel or Lamond executing *Warblings at Eve* at Queen's Hall on a concert grand." Included are eight cartoons by Max Beerbohm.

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10. By Henry Holt: MacVeagh, $2.00.
11. By John Ferguson: Dodd Mead, $2.00.
12. Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00.
13. By H. Bedford-Jones: Putnam, $2.00.
14. By Clemence Dane and Helen Simpson: Cosmopolitan, $2.00.
15. MacVeagh, $2.50.
16. Coward McCann, $2.50.

## The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

### Fiction

**The Woman of Andros,** by Thornton P. Wilder: A. & C. Boni. A lovely prose poem on the beauty of frustration. Reviewed February 26.

**Exile,** by Warwick Deeping: Knopf. A well constructed story of English expatriates on the Italian Riviera. Reviewed March 19.

**Cimarron,** by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran. To be reviewed next week.

**Coronet,** by Manuel Komroff: Coward-McCann. A philosophical romance of the fall of aristocracy, beginning in Sixteenth Century Florence and ending in present-day Chicago. Full of color and vigor. Reviewed January 8.

**The Great Meadow,** by Elizabeth Madox Roberts: Viking. A poet's vision of pioneer woman and one of America's finest historical novels. Reviewed March 5.

### Non-Fiction

**Byron,** by Andre Maurois: Appleton. A brilliant biography of the self-made tragic hero. Reviewed March 26.

**The Crusades,** by Harold Lamb: Doubleday, Doran. Popular history of the first crusade and the men concerned in it. Reviewed March 26.

**Is Sex Necessary,** by James Thurber and E. B. White: Harper. Providing a catharsis of laughter.

**The Rise of American Civilization,** by Charles and Mary Beard: Macmillan. One volume edition of an American classic. Original edition reviewed June 7, 1927.

**Treatise on the Gods,** by H. L. Mencken: Knopf. To be reviewed later by Edmund B. Chaffee.

## The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf

*For Week-End Reading*

Detective-Mystery: **The Door,** by Mary Roberts Rinehart: Farrar & Rinehart.

Novel: **None So Pretty,** by Margaret Irwin: Harcourt, Brace.

Biography: **Byron,** by Andre Maurois: Appleton.

Miscellaneous: **Tradition and Experiment in Present Day Literature,** essays by various authors: Oxford University Press.

## Inside the Covers

### Articles We Recommend in the Latest Magazines

**The Mad Hatter's Dirty Teacup,** by Stuart Chase. Harper's, April.
The author, well known writer on the social aspects of the American scene, delivers a "bad-tempered" *indictment of our civic cleanliness.* Compared with the chief cities of Europe, our important municipalities are one vast dump heap. Mr. Chase offers several constructive suggestions to end a national disgrace.

**The Facts of Life,** by H. W. Hanemann. The Bookman, March.
This article is one of a series of parody biographies in the manner of Richard Halliburton. Mr. Hanemann relates the travels and adventures of one Marco Polo, trader, of the firm of Polo, Polo, and Polo. *Among other feats, this* remarkable gentleman visits Kubla Khan, measures the "caverns measureless to man," climbs Mt. Everest and resists seduction by a princess. Mr. Herb Roth's sketches are in perfect harmony with the text.

**These Women,** by E. W. Howe. Forum, April.
The author is the famous "Ed" Howe, dean of American journalism and "the Sage of Potato Hill." Modern women are heavily censured by Mr. Howe, who announces that he is unable to *enjoy their friendship.* Advocating "holy war" to fight the forces of emancipation, he believes that the threat against family life is a threat against civilization.

**Frances Perkins: Industrial Crusader,** by Inis W. Jones. World's Work, April.
The subject of this article has the safety and welfare of a million workers in her capable and experienced hands. For a life time she has been fighting politicians, legislatures, and obstructionists to improve labor conditions and due to her efforts New York industrial codes stand as models for the entire country. Her battles and victories are milestones in social progress.

**Mass Education in America,** by John Dugdale. Current History, April.
The author, an Oxford graduate on the staff of *The Spectator* in London, looks at American methods of mass education. Although he realizes and accepts the factors which explain our *national thirst for culture—a desire to be "in the* swim"—Mr. Dugdale applauds the development of the small college and present tendencies toward the restoration of individual scholarship. In this way only can our system justify itself.

**Uncle Sam, Tipster,** by Merle Thorpe. Nation's Business, April.
The editor of the official magazine of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States objects to the prophesies as to production and prices by the Department of Agriculture. "The U. S. Government *can't afford to be wrong and, if it prophesies,* it can't always be right.

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# Poetry and Current Verse

ALL IDEAS ARE of equal value, and a book should compass the whole range of a man's mind, *sans* selection or restraint—or so it seems from five books in a group of nine, five books which exemplify current "verse," and make a kind of Independents' Show by uninhibited people who jingle, comment and invent with singular abandon.

*Droll Parade* by Carlton Talbott (Liveright $2) is history not so much in the little as in the lewd and ludicrous. From 900 A.D. down Talbott presents the lusts and private complaints of royalty, low-life, gargoyles and monks. It is somewhat scholarly, most inconsequential; and it is conceivable that it may make some people laugh very loud.

Maxwell Bodenheim's *Bringing Jazz* (Liveright $2) seems far behind Vachell Lindsey and the times in its obvious rhythms to be set to syncopation. It is stale and brackish, and its content, of the Village, Bronx, Chicago, etc., can be imagined.

In *Manhattan Made* (Liveright $2) Charles Recht says,

> Soon, somewhere, in some lonely lake,
> The moon will be bathing her anaemic face—
> And why shouldn't it?

And, although that quotation is typical, this book is intense and has depth. The pitiful vacuum of the world (as it seems to him) and the impotent sadness of humanity haunt him. "Say everything you can think of," he says to himself, "to stop yourself from feeling bad." He leers and thumps and groans and dogmatizes and remembers everything he ever learned, so as not to be sick with pity and futility. What a preacher he would make if he believed anything or had any hope.

Another book which has these same qualities of abandon and tragic sense is, of course, Samuel Hoffenstein's *Year In, You're Out* (Liveright $2). But Hoffenstein has a happier touch and a greater talent, as well as a greater funniness. He really laughs. This book runs the gamut, and contains, among other things, beauty.

Leonard Bacon's *Lost Buffalo* (Harper $2), a long Indian narrative poem and many shorter poems, falls into much the same class. Bacon is facile and expert, well satisfied with his satire and his mind thoroughly made up on all subjects. There is not a trace of poetry in his book, although the narrative is good story telling.

Now come four books of a different intention. E. J. Pratt has gotten to work seriously and done what surely many others thought should be done, written the heroic ballad of *The Roosevelt and the Antinoe* (Macmillan $1.50). It isn't poetry, but it's good hard-working verse which rhymes in quatrains all the way through and keeps to its five-stress lines, unmetric though they be. It has a devotion and an honest love of heroes that give it notice.

*The Wind in the Cedars* is Glenn Ward Dresbach's third book of poems from the Southwest (Holt $2). They are competent, highly colored, carefully wrought and a little monotonous. There is a slight tension about them, a too great tightness of texture, so that seldom can the reader take one in a cool drink of delight. They are the thoughtful work of a poet whose labor is something of a torture to him, perhaps. He is a dependable and highly localized minor poet.

And here, at the end, are two books of real poetry, Melville Cane's *Behind Dark Spaces* (Harcourt, Brace $2) and *Two On An Old Pathway* by Eleanor O'Rourke Koenig (Edwin Valentine Mitchell). Cane ought not to be satisfied, for he could in so many cases do better. His work is full of suggested magic, often only half formulated, more like notes. He lets the tiniest lines hurry him too quickly to his rhyme. He pins his impression down so fast and hard that he sometimes tears it. But even so, it is real and delicious sustenance for poets and their readers. The book is full of tantalizing delight.

> Once, at Tarascon,
> I saw a flock of sheep
> Filling an ancient lane.
> Sunset dyed their fleece with mauve.
> Startled,
> They bunched and huddled,
> And panic ran along their backs
> Like quicksilver.

Mrs. Koenig's is a first book, and discloses real quality. It is young, a little feeble, but it is poetry. I hope she will cherish that delicate loveliness, that chill apprehension of the exquisite and nurture it until there is a stronger bole for the blooming tree. She is somewhat in the tradition of old Celtic Ballad writers, but also in the narrow path of English women poets who speak sparingly.

LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL.


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# The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

## The Plays of the Week

**A Month in the Country**, from the Russian of Ivan Turgenev at the Guild—with Alla Nazimova.

**The Matriarch**, by G. B. Stern and Frank Vernon at the Longacre.

MUCH OF the current criticism of the Theatre Guild's latest production—Turgenev's *A Month in the Country*—seems to be based on a lament that it isn't *The Green Pastures*. If the Guild sets up for artistic pioneering in the dramatic woods, why turn down the Connelly piece and present in its stead an ancient Russian play, eighty years old? More, if Russian drama is to be presented, why so consistently refrain from any of the Chekov plays so well produced by Miss LeGalliene in her Fourteenth St. theatre?

So runs the undercurrent—to the detriment of modern American appraisal of Turgenev's drama; and, to a less extent, to the detriment of the Theatre Guild.

*A Month in the Country* is some decades old by now. That is indisputable. But theatregoers are hereby advised that the mind which wrote it still remains one of the clearest and, in its portrayal of human nature, one of the most incisive and attractive dramatic minds on view on any stage. In its point of view *A Month in the Country* is more truly modern and civilized than nine tenths of the Broadway dramas we are called upon to see. For half of America it presents an analysis of character that is still in the pioneer stage. And eighty years old though it be, this is its first presentation on any American stage.

More, in its emancipation from the purely Russian complexes of Chekov and Gorki, it betrays cosmopolitanism and a universality that make it, to a peculiar degree, more a portrait of all mankind—or womankind, if you like—than racial drama can ever be. Its setting could be any of the Monticellos or Mount Vernons of our own Forties and its drawingroom and garden the background for early Nineteenth century society in Virginia or Pennsylvania.

Here is the passionate woman of any conventional society, beating her wings against the invisible bars which "excellent people" from time immemorial have unconsciously set up around her—unconquered by her excellent, practical husband, seeking male dominance in the men with whom she is thrown in contact, veiled from herself by her own illusions, barely held in leash by a literary, platonic lover, and caught at last by passion for a mere youth who typifies for her the young romance and physical satisfaction life and her own complexes have denied her.

A storm in a Sevres vase, if you like. And one which reposes in a leisurely, genteel drawing-room of the Forties. But the storm is there, all the same. And its terrific eruption jars the drawing-room out of its polite generalities forever. Society, built upon the volcano.

"Oh, you are all excellent people!" cries Natalia, bitterly, as she rushes, baffled, defeated and unlovely to herself, from the men who must leave her because of conventional morality and "the right thing" but who constitute her only hope of realizing her primitive needs.

A well constructed world has choked her back into her mould again. And love and society can run on once more, divorced in body and soul, but presenting together still the cold, beautifully polished exterior of life in the country; anguished reality beneath, and above, the pleasant gesture.

All that has been accomplished is a most terrific jangle of relationships, by an unhappy, tortured woman who has stooped to all the unlovely duplicity of her sex. But for the beholder, the polished surface is completely destroyed; and the people themselves stand forth naked and real.

The whole story, set forth by a satirical dramatist with not the faintest taint of Victorianism, and excellently played by the Guild cast, constitutes a play worth seeing by all except the clever and the over-intelligent. At times it is even so amusing that genuine Russian drama hounds, so we understand, are a trifle aggrieved. We liked it.

WE WISH we could say as much for the dramatization of G. B. Stern's book, *The Matriarch*. For, not being clever enough to enjoy books by this author, we really went, hoping to find out what it was all about without having to buy the volume.

We viewed a typical book dramatization. You know the kind of thing where the young lady at the window, peering eagerly out, explains that she is waiting for her Uncle Max, who lives in Vienna and wears a green hat, carries a yellow bag, has been away for three years, is the third son of the famous family which originally came from Pressburg and is dominated by the Matriarch herself, who—

Well, you know the sort of preliminary explanations that pour out in response to the slightest question. It's that sort of play. With half the dialogue devoted to explaining what has gone on since the last curtain fell, and the action of the drama spaced by decades, and many family gatherings as a setting for Constance Collier, the lady who bosses the family—with all this going on, the thread of dramatic interest is pretty thin.

The only really exciting thing to us was where the young hero in the last act discovered he was a bastard and was so delighted with the discovery that he proposed to run off and marry instantly the girl he had previously supposed to be his own cousin—only to suddenly detect in her a resemblance to the Matriarch and punch her in the eye, and rush out, roaring that she would never boss him the way her grandmother had bossed the family!

"'Twas all very well to dissemble your love, but why did you kick me downstairs?"

The play, to our mind, showed up *The Matriarch* as a lot of gorgeous piffle, thrown around a good idea.

## The Outlook's Tabloid Guide to Current Shows

***Strictly Dishonorable:** Love and adventure in a speak-easy—delightful light comedy.
**Journey's End:** The great war play, perfectly acted.
**Street Scene:** Pulitzer Prize Winner. Tragic realism in a brown stone front.
**It's A Wise Child:** Cleverly constructed farce-comedy about illegitimacy.
**Berkeley Square:** Some metaphysics, a little magic, and much beauty—with Leslie Howard.
**June Moon:** Comic strip wise-cracking in Tin Pan Alley.
***Fifty Million Frenchmen:** Expertly produced musical comedy.
***Sons o' Guns:** A gay musical show with the irrepressible Jack Donahue & alluring Lily Damita.
**The First Mrs. Fraser:** An uneven English comedy of manners.
**Wake Up and Dream:** A very engaging London importation with Jack Buchanan.
**Michael and Mary:** A tender and witty comedy of real human beings.
**Death Takes a Holiday:** A magnificent idea about Death, inexpertly handled.
**Strike Up the Band:** Amusing lyrics, indifferent music—with genial Clark and McCullough.
**Rebound:** Excellent cake, but not enough bread and butter.
**Dishonored Lady:** Melodrama of the deepest type—with Katherine Cornell.
***Topaze:** Hats off to Lee Shubert for bringing this comedy from Paris.
**Those We Love:** Honest portrayal of domestic infelicity—good acting saves an old theme.
***The Green Pastures:** The humble negro's story of the Lord God. The event of the season.
**The Apple Cart:** Burlesque and brains. Shaw's arid, penetrating political extravaganza.
**The Last Mile:** Ugly, grim death house drama—devastatingly realistic. For strong digestions.
***Simple Simon:** Thank Heaven for Ed Wynn. Music, ballet and pleasing nonsense.
**Apron Strings:** A modern bride and a Victorian bridegroom in a spotty domestic comedy.
**Ripples:** Fred Stone himself again—the show lacks emotional punch.

*Indicates the leading attractions as reported by the McBride and Tyson agencies.

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# The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

## "Lummox"

FANNIE HURST'S best seller of some years ago has found its way to the screen under the direction of Herbert Brenon, with Winifred Westover in the rôle of the over-worked and inarticulate serving-girl. *Lummox* is the life history of a patient, self-effacing slave working in New York about twenty years ago. She mops up in a saloon, scrubs floors in gilded halls of sin, and cooks in private homes—but always without achieving anything for herself. Early in life she is seduced by the son of the house, but gives up her baby to be adopted by rich people. Years later, bedraggled and tired, she finds a haven in a small bake-shop where the mother has died and they are glad to have some one to care for the children. For herself, she achieves satisfactory self-expression in realizing that her son is now a great pianist.

For some reason all this is not as moving as it should be. Either Mr. Brenon's direction or the scenario are so diffuse or so lacking in emphasis that they fail to build up any true climaxes.

Also, there is a tendency to show the "Lummox" as a starry-eyed dreamer. Her face is always beautiful and young, even after twenty years of work and suffering. Nevertheless, because of Miss Westover's performance, *Lummox* should have a considerable success.

## "Young Eagles"

I guess I just don't understand women. Thinking things over I am pretty sure of it (or is it that they don't understand *me*?) At any rate the fact is that I am amazingly revolted by one Charles "Buddy" Rogers, a movie actor who is the idolized sweet patootie, the single standard Don Juan, the clean cut hero and the general dream boy of several millions of my countrywomen. To his press agents he is "America's Boy Friend," to our girlhood he is "terribly cute," and to me he is a severe pain in the neck. The more boyish and adolescent he becomes, the more truckloads of scented mail he receives each week—while as for *my* love-life—well, let's not go into that.

*Young Eagles* shows Mr. Rogers as a member of the American flying corps in France, a group of playful, pillow-fighting adolescents who are just the nicest fellows ever. "Buddy" has a great pure passion for a girl who lives in Paris. To his dismay he finds out his girl is a German spy—but just as the armistice arrives he finds she is really an American spy.

## "Lovin' the Ladies"

Until the talking pictures came along Mr. Richard Dix was at the very top of the movie heap. His ingratiating personality, his smile and his abundant good health set our young girls all a-flutter. While his speaking voice is pleasant it is becoming apparent that Mr. Dix is not much of an actor. With such personalities as Ruth Chatterton, Greta Garbo, William Powell and Gary Cooper on every screen, the Dix technique is distressingly obvious. *Lovin' the Ladies* is made still more trying by a wheezy old comedy plot.

## A Champion at Last!

So fearful are the British of the corrupting voices of American movie actors, that even their newsreels are carefully put in tune with the infinite before being released. Thus, the Fox Movietone newsreels in Britain are carefully prefaced by a voice which announces "British Mov'tone News—with corr-rrect British accen'."

Now along comes Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, born in London, and editor of the Funk and Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary, who announces via the Movietone that Americans use vastly better English than Londoners, "who clip their final g's and mumble-jumble their words."

### Worth Seeing

**Anna Christie:** La Garbo speaks for the first time—and the population is all a-quiver.
**China Express:** Violent Soviet film with usual excellent cinematics—has had some trouble with censors.
**Disraeli:** George Arliss and his old play have been in one theatre six times as long as the usual flaming youth film.
**The Green Goddess:** Another Arliss play, slightly less effective.
**Roadhouse Nights:** Excitement with bootleggers and reporters—forget the title.
**The Rogue Song:** Lawrence Tibbett sings splendidly in the usual silly operatic story.
**Sarah and Son:** Ruth Chatterton's fine characterization makes up for a sleezy story.
**Seven Days Leave:** Berryl Mercer as Barrie's cockney scrub-lady. Gary Cooper is also good.
**Song O' My Heart:** John McCormack's Irish ballads flawlessly reproduced. No story worth mentioning.
**Street of Chance:** A smooth and well-contrived story of big-time gamblers with William Powell.
**The Vagabond King:** Good tunes and Dennis King singing in a better-than-usual adaptation from the stage.

### Not So Good

**Be Yourself:** Fannie Brice in something unfortunate.
**The Case of Sergeant Grischa:** The war novel, incredible and unreal as a film.
**Song of the West:** Covered Wagons, bad men, etc., but all are stagey.


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# Toscanini

By PITTS SANBORN

HOW SHALL ONE "explain" Arturo Toscanini? How shall one plumb the glandular secret, analyze the chemical reactions, surprise the conspiracy of associated electrons that account for the unique musician? I prefer to think of him in the terms of an unabashed superstition. This supreme necromancer seems to enslave with his baton earth, air, fire, and water, as if he were himself another Power, and to trail them in the orbit of his genius. This slender, wiry Italian, in the early sixties, all compact of energy, might be a more fortunate Phaeton, directing with an unerring hand and a daemonic relish the horses and chariot of the Sun.

From the foregoing one must not infer that Toscanini owes nothing to human instruction. On the contrary, his erudition is enormous. I remember a French admirer saying of him once that he combined the scholarship of a German with the fire of a Latin. It is by no means the way of conductors to spring from the conservatory stick in hand like Athena ready-made from the brain of Zeus. Toscanini was graduated from Parma with a first prize for 'cello —just that and no more. It was while he was playing as 'cellist in the opera orchestra at Rio de Janeiro that his chance came to conduct. An unfortunate fellow had the ill luck to be hissed from the podium before the brief prelude to *Aida* was over. Toscanini took up the baton that he had thrown down and led the opera through to a finish with triumphant results. This occurred in 1886, at a time when he was only nineteen.

Nevertheless, he did not immediately forsake the 'cello. But eventually there followed engagements to conduct in a number of Italian cities, particularly in Turin, where Toscanini demonstrated his ability as a leader of concerts as well as of opera. In 1898 the historic Teatro Alla Scala of Milan engaged him as both operatic and symphonic director, and such became the renown of his achievements that the New York Metropolitan in 1908 induced him to leave Milan and come over here. Here he remained till the spring of 1915. Then, for reasons that are still a matter of dispute, he returned to Italy. The outstanding facts of his subsequent career have been his brilliant personal directorship of La Scala and his treasurous seasons with the New York Philharmonic. Next summer, after leading the Philharmonic on a tour of Europe, he will enjoy the distinction of being the only non-German to conduct at Bayreuth—*Tannhäuser* and *Tristan und Isolde* being the operas of his choice. As Siegfried Wagner has graciously assured him, his selection is peculiarly appropriate because of his life-long devotion to the music of Richard Wagner and his labors on its behalf, especially in Italy, where a generation ago he conducted the first performances on Italian soil of *Götterdämmerung* and *Siegfried*, the former at Turin, the latter at Milan. Incidentally, Toscanini has introduced a number of other foreign masterpieces to Italy, among them Weber's *Euryanthe* and Debussy's *Pelleas et Melisande*. And famous Italian operas of which he directed the "world premières" include *Pagliacci*, *La Bohème*, and *The Girl of the Golden West*, this last at the Metropolitan Opera House.

HOWEVER, it is as a symphonic conductor that we Americans now primarily regard Toscanini. And he feels himself that his principal labors, varied only by such eminent exceptions as that of Bayreuth, will henceforth be in concert. When we consider his illuminating readings of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Wagner, Debussy, Richard Strauss, and the surpassing perfection of the orchestral performances that he obtains, we would scarcely wish him back in the opera house, unless for some special, and truly "gala," *Tristan* or *Meistersinger* or *Götterdämmerung*. Yet let no guileless soul suppose that Toscanini's efforts in New York were always greeted with a glad, sweet song of undiluted approbation.

After his initial essay here with a Wagner opera (*Götterdämmerung* in the autumn of 1908), the *Morning Sun* prudently stated: "It would be injustice to others and flattery to this conductor to say that it was a great reading. It would be equally unjust to deny that, granting its emotional outlook, it was a good reading. . . . Wherever the sensuous beauty of the melody is such as to tempt a conductor to dwell unduly on the phrase, to exaggerate the rhetorical pauses, to smooth out all the rugged edges of the instrumental declamation, Mr. Toscanini yields to it with avidity and spreads the syrup out on the bread as thin as possible. . . . Hercules was transformed into Apollo with an accentuation of the effeminacy always noted in statues of the latter god." Certainly this puzzles the reader of today in view of the austerity of Toscanini's art as we now envisage it. Nor was this all. When he conducted *Carmen* at the Metropolitan one authority declared that he had proved his inability to interpret French music. When he conducted *Tristan* another accused him of cruelty toward the singers' voices. . . . Well, all that was a long time ago!

What from the beginning commanded the admiration of everybody, however, was his leading a work of the length and difficulty of *Götterdämmerung* entirely from memory. And there was cordial endorsement of Buelow's dictum that it is much better for a conductor to have the score in his head than his head in the score.

Indeed, people used to be vastly intrigued by Toscanini's conducting everything without score, and so potent and influential has his example been that more and more batonists are striving to follow it. With Toscanini the origin of the habit lay in his being at once near-sighted and the possessor of an extraordinarily vivid and tenacious memory. And in due course he found that through doing without a score he had decidedly more freedom, so that now, though his eye-sight were suddenly to become normal, he would never dream of conducting with the music before him. But in the case of a particularly intricate new work, he always takes a score to rehearsal to have it at hand for consultation.

INTOLERANT of musical stupidity on the part of singer or instrumentalist, Toscanini doubtless has uttered some of the sharp reprimands that have been attributed to him. Thus, he seems really to have told a prima donna who insisted on her stellar position that all the stars were in the sky, and to have assured an offending tenor after an *Aida* performance that not Radames, but the audience, had been dishonored. Still, the orchestral player who accused Toscanini of throwing his baton at him in a temper fit lost his case in court.

Orchestras may find Toscanini an unsparing taskmaster, but none the less they revere him. And singers who are not the victims of their own vanity and stupidity gratefully have testified to the invaluable help that he has given them. However, the finest verbal tribute that he has ever called forth may well have been set down by an American poet in a letter to the present writer: "As for Toscanini, he is the St. Bernard of conductors. He conducts to the throne of heaven."

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# From the Life

By IBBY HALL

## Murderer

LIFE to him was a strong wind and a burning flame. It was easy for the old woman to see that.

She, who had always felt old and afraid, and who traveled with such difficulty the hillside roads about their village, who measured life as carefully and hoardingly as she measured the flour that made her bread—she knew the value of it. But he knew nothing, he was indifferent to everything, he cared only for his sheep and that woman who lived with him. Life blew through him and all around him, strong and burning. Let him look out. One day it would blow him down from these mountains, far from his peaceful sheep and the arms of her who loved him, straight to hell.

Those times when the old woman tottered and wavered up a steep embankment to let his sheep go stumbling by, when she dared lift her frightened eyes to spy upon him, passing, she knew her triumph. There he went still young and powerful, his great arms hard and hairy, his head thrown back as though he owned this sloping world, and in his eyes that look of quietness and distance. If he turned them on her suddenly her heart stopped beating and her eyes slid to the tree tops. Did he suspect? Had he any notion of how much she knew? If it once were hinted that his life was in her hands, that she had only to speak a word and he was lost, what would become of her then?

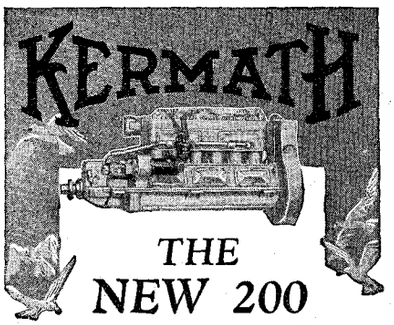
Or those times at night when she lay awake considering what she knew; it was then that she sucked her own power from that secret. How had she come by her knowledge? She would tell that when she had to. No one among these hill-side neighbors knew the story but herself. But there was no curling flame or agonized breath of it that had not lived in the darkness around her bed. The girl, that first one whom he had loved so madly twenty years ago, she had been more beautiful, one was told, than a lily, and proud and gay and caring for no one. "Least of all you—you wicked one, with the great look and the black heart," would mutter the old woman. Yes, that flower, that lovely creature was the kind that crept into men's brains and turned their blood into weakness, and at that time he had not been so high and steady. Then it was that the wind blew him about! Up and down, into burning beautiful words—into curses of dispair and anger! For, one told you, that she only laughed at him. Beautiful as a child and desirable as wine, and wanting none of his humbleness (humble!) or entreaties to be married (marriage with that one who, to her own knowledge, had never granted it since)! He was a murderer. In the night—to have stolen to her house, to have spread the flames that would devour her, lying like a lily in her dreams, her and all her family that slept under that roof! To have danced and howled as the flames spread up to heaven—to have held off with his gun those neighbors who struggled to defend that house—insane—devil—murderer!

In the blackness of her silent house the old woman would sit up in bed covering her mouth in terror. Had she spoken that word? Had she told it? For as her eyes gloated in the darkness on the horror of his down-fall her lips were twisted with fear. They had never tracked him. For three years he had hidden in the woods and lived with animals. Then he had found his chance and fled to these mountains. No one. No one knew him but herself. He, with his black heart, living here among the sheep! He that was a devil—with his great look and quiet eyes! He that had found a woman to give him love, whom the neighbors thought to be his wife! He was a murderer. He would take this old woman's life from her—life that was so precious, so brittle, to be guarded so carefully—he would take it if he knew the power she had.

She was afraid. She was afraid of this shepherd-murderer. She was afraid of death. In the darkness she covered herself with the bed-clothes, she covered her head the better to guard that little flame of life.

The nights all added up at last. The days that she had fled the shepherd in the sunlight finally added up. And the old woman became suddenly unafraid, for soon she would be dying. She had waited for this. Now he would know who had possessed him all these years, to whom his life had been tied in secret. Her deathbed would be the end of him! She turned her head and whispered. "You will remember—" Even those who watched, remembered that far-off story. Her last few hours had been saved for this, "Here is he hiding—I have known—and been afraid—His name—his name—" and crying out his name at last, she struck the shepherd down.

Before she could know how quietly he admitted his guilt, or that the woman who was thought to be his wife had left the mountains and put her hands through the bars of his cell and married him; before she could know even how unafraid he was of death or of that final sentence to imprisonment for life, the old woman was triumphantly dead.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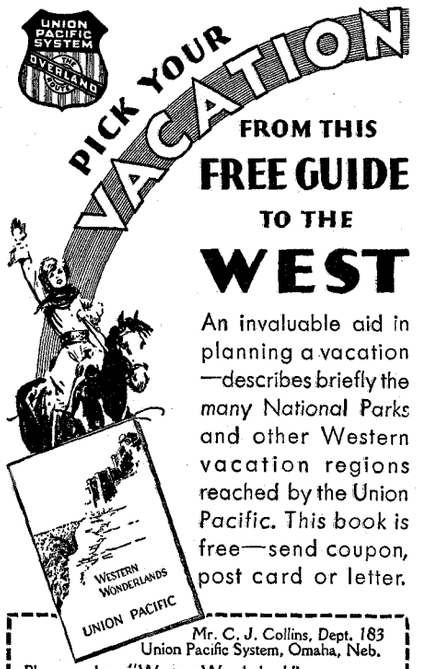
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## My Friend Liberty

*(Continued from Page 529)*

And I report to the statue another sample of the freedom and equality which it symbolizes. It was in Chicago. I had made a pilgrimage there to hear Senators Johnson and Borah speak. President Wilson had returned from Versailles and had undertaken his fatal campaign to have this country ratify the peace treaties and join the League of Nations, fathered by him to safeguard the treaties and thus, ironically, perpetuate the defeat of his own principles. Johnson and Borah had come to Chicago to fire the first big guns against this misguided idealism and European intrigue which threatened the traditional American liberty. My own Americanism, despite the rough-handling experiences, or because of them, had been tempered and my feelings were on the side of American tradition. It wasn't strange then that I should leave my work in an Indiana town and journey to Chicago.

Five hours before the doors of the auditorium were opened Congress Street from Michigan to Wabash was jammed with people. I was among the first to arrive at the door and, like hundreds of others, suffered agonies throughout the afternoon in the human whirlpool. Finally the doors swung open and the seething tides sluiced into the building. In less than twenty minutes the spacious house was choked. Outside, five thousand people still clamoured in vain for admission.

Secure in my seat in a loge, I reflected upon aspects of American democracy and was filled with joy at the prospect of seeing and hearing two of the foremost champions of it. Deafening acclamations greeted these men, and Senator Medill McCormick, chairman of the meeting, when they walked upon the rostrum. I was a proud person then. I felt that I was at the fountain of things. The pain of the five-hour waiting outside was forgotten. My eyes were fastened upon the three senators. For the first time in my life I was seeing men who shaped policies and made the wheels go round.

Then, hearing murmurs back of me, I turned my head and saw standing behind us half a dozen women in silk gowns and glittering wraps, escorted by silk-hatted gentlemen holding silver-mounted ebony canes.

A man in a frock coat asked us to empty the box, the whole lot of us. I myself would have offered no resistance. But the others, all native Americans, pulled out newspapers and pointed out where it said that the entire auditorium, loges, main hall, balconies, galleries, was thrown open to the public. They spoke of how we had waited all afternoon to secure our seats. One man especially was more outspoken than the rest. He bragged about his American citizenship and kept repeating the fact that this was a free country.

I admired these people's courage in standing for their rights, and though at first I would have relinquished my seat without much resistance, now I threw my lot with the rest and resolved to have happen to me whatever would happen to them. We all refused to budge an inch.

The silk-hatted and ermine-wrapped people from Chicago's Gold Coast were just as determined as we were. They stood there ready and eager to deprive us of our rights. But we overlooked one thing—that they had authority on their side. The man in the frock coat walked out and in a few minutes returned with a squad of policemen. They first lifted by the shoulders the one that bragged loudest about his American citizenship and dragged him down the vestibule. Then they asked every one of us what mode of egress we would choose, walk out peacefully or be ejected like the first one. Some left meekly; others were dragged out. I chose the latter mode.

Of these experiences, of the time when a tall Kentuckian with a rope in his hand looked all over the campus for me in order to "hang the damn foreigner," and of other incidents I complain to my friend. But it is dumb. It has no tongue for me now. It does not comfort me or encourage me as it did that day twenty years ago when my eyes turned to it for aid. It stands there in the harbor, a hollow metal structure reared on a patch of ground. Hollow it is, hollow to the top of its haloed head and to the tips of its fingers. I have crawled through its belly and through the arm that holds aloft the torch.

Yes, the statue stands there denuded of its erstwhile enchantment, no longer the mystic-shrouded goddess of a blindly worshipping devotee, but withal a more rational and objective thing. It still is my friend, and a better and more understanding one at that. Always it will be my friend. For if ever it opens its mouth to speak to me now, it speaks truly and rationally. It says: "It is I, my friend, that need your protection and not you mine!"

## Wanted: A Grenfell

*(Continued from Page 525)*

missionary penetration of the South by the North.

But while a Grenfell to the South who understands racial conditions there, or is at least open to conviction that, politically and socially, present conditions are best for the present—while such a benefactor will have the assistance of the discerning and considerate whites, he will encounter in the Negro himself superstitions that militate darkly and powerfully against the science of medicine. Plantation Negroes still believe profoundly in spirits, good and evil; and in charms; and a little belief in sorcery goes a long way. A doctor has always to contend not alone with a Negro's physical

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ailment, but to some degree with those obscure taints of the mind which are the infections of superstition.

On one occasion one of my Negro woodchoppers cut his foot deeply with an ax. I knew nothing of the accident until three days later, when I found the invalid sitting in the sun beside his cabin, his foot bound up with filthy rags. I went back home for some carbolic wash and some iodine. Upon my return he unbound his foot. To my horror the ghastly wound was distinctly green in color. At once I had my suspicions.

"What did you put in that cut?" I asked.

"Auntie Rose tell me to put three cents in it, and tie it up," he told me.

Forcing copper pennies into a wound and tying them in is a favorite treatment among rural Negroes. In this case gangrene had set in. I got the man to a hospital in Charleston, where he survived the amputation of his leg.

On another occasion I was horrified to have a young Negro come to me with the hilt of a knife standing rigid between his neck and shoulder. He told me that he had been in a fight, and that his rival had driven the little keepsake there. It had been in the wound three days.

"But why in the world do you leave it there?" I asked. "Why haven't you had some one take it out for you?"

"They say that if I pull out the knife, all my blood will run out after it."

Fortunately I was able to relieve him of his fearsome decoration.

In *In Memoriam* Tennyson raises the dread and searching question, "Do we indeed desire the dead?" It is fitting to ask, "Does the South desire the welfare of the Negro?" Speaking as a southerner, who has lived for twenty-seven years in the North, I may say that such a question should not be answered categorically. "It would be scanned." And probably we should define "welfare." If it means the condition in which the Negro is happiest and the white man safest, the South religiously desires it. But if it means a movement toward social and political equality, tending at length toward rivalry, and consequent bloodshed, the South does not desire it. At no cost is the South willing to jeopard the integrity of white civilization.

Let it not be thought that I have raised artificial barriers to those who would go adventurously Grenfelling into the South. I have talked over the situation with many a man from the North who confessed to me a certain apprehension over the reception of


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## In This Issue

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE is a southerner by birth and well known as an author and poet. Among the volumes of which he is author are *Old Plantation Days, Songs from a Valley* and *Heart of the South.*

JONATHAN MITCHELL is a former London correspondent of the New York *World* and a frequent contributor to the magazines. Among his recent contributions to the Outlook and Independent have been "What Admirals Think" and "Little People vs. Big Fellows."

First coming to the United States at the age of thirteen, STOYAN CHRISTOWE, Bulgarian by birth, is now a naturalized American citizen. Mr. Christowe has contributed several articles on the assimilation of the immigrant, and is the author of a novel shortly to be published.

EVERETT DEAN MARTIN, whose editorial, "Prohibition and Its Motives," appears in this issue is an authority on sociology. A member of numerous philosophical and sociological societies and Director of the Cooper Union Forum, Mr. Martin is also author of *The Behavior of Crowds* and other volumes.

PITTS SANBORN, widely known as a music critic, is now musical editor of the New York *Telegram.* Mr. Sanborn contributes frequently to the magazines.

## Forecast

**With Ella in the Desert,** by Stanley Walker.

Although now seventy-one years old, Ella A. Boole, president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, is still a formidable antagonist. Believe it or not, she is actually on record as saying that "Lindbergh's wonderful endurance was due to the fact that he always has been a total abstainer," and "the so-called wine at the feast of Cana was not fermented."

**What Makes a Lobbyist?** by E. Pendleton Herring.

The word lobbyist has lately acquired an essentially unpleasant connotation which is not always deserved. Apparently there are good lobbyists and bad lobbyists. Mr. Herring discusses the proposals now before Congress to curb the practice. After all, he writes, you cannot prevent an influential constituent from talking to his Congressman.

**Spain Is Not Like That,** by Henry Albert Phillips.

Patriotic reminiscences of the Spanish War and newspaper reports of comic opera revolutions in Spanish American Republics had given the author an impression of Spain that was entirely erroneous. A year's residence led him to revise his estimate. Mr. Phillips tells how he was led to change his mind and describes some of the achievements of Primo de Rivera.

**Cheap Money Comes Again,** by William O. Scroggs.

The outstanding financial development of the past month has been, in the opinion of the author, the decline in interest rates. Although this decline has on the whole had salutory effects, Mr. Scroggs fears that the latest cut in the rediscount rate of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York may lead to more stock market inflation.

**Dark Emptiness,** by John Coffey.

In the tenth instalment of his autobiography Mr. Coffey tells of his attempts to join the army for service in France. The Draft Board, however, did not favor the enlistment of ex-convicts. Disappointment at his rejection soon led to renewed shoplifting. The instalment reveals the author's increasing sense of the futility of his life.

medical missionaries to the Negroes in the South—a vague uneasiness that such charity, by involving the race problem, would effect more harm to the whites than good to the blacks. And I have had southerners express the same fear.

Really, the situation *is* complex, and has to be so accepted. Speaking with the utmost candor at my command—and I have no purpose save to try to be frank and explicit—the road toward the physical betterment of the Negro may have a barrier in it, which it would be unfair of me not to disclose. The barrier is the disconcerting, unethical, but very practical query, what will be the effect of your welfare program for the Negro upon the welfare of the white population? Will your gracious charity bear the bitter fruit of a graver racial problem?

It is, of course, quite natural to ask why the South does not produce her own Grenfells. One reason has just been given; another is that the South is financially far behind the North; still another is that doing missionary work for the Negro has for a southerner no charm of novelty. We send a great many missionaries to the uttermost parts of the earth, and permit the needy and the helpless to die at our doors. I have never been able to appreciate Virginia's sending a missionary to China, and Carolina's sending one to India. As far as dire human extremity is concerned, we have Chinas and Indias all over the South. Our heroes of the church are fleeing the immediate and desperate call.

There is, I think, no lovelier land than the old plantation regions of the Carolinas—a land of hyacinth days and camellia nights. Nature there triumphs in giant trees, in great rivers, in lustrous fragrant fields, in an exotic profusion of wildflowers. But on this beauty a blight is set. I feel it whenever I am at home. Here thousands of humble black peasants come into the world, live, are afflicted, and die—completely beyond the splendid consoling pale of modern medicine. Here Peter Small and Willie Fraser and Annie Gaillard lie down and die; and thousands like them are destined so to perish miserably for want of great sacrificial souls to minister to their bodies.

## Laws for All the World

*(Continued from Page 527)*

tract by the Mexican government in 1912, to dredge the port of Salina Cruz. The contract read that "under no condition shall the intervention of foreign diplomatic agents"—meaning our State Department—"be permitted." After the company had dredged away for a time, the de la Huerta revolution of 1914 broke out, and the Mexican government was unable to pay any more money. The company withdrew, and our State Department, on the company's behalf, presented Mexico with a bill for $233,523.30.

The claim eventually came before an arbitral commission which, after consulting the best, modern professorial authorities, decided that there was a great deal to be said on both sides. "The problem is not solved," its decision read, "by saying yes or no." The claim of the North American Dredging Company was denied, however, on other grounds.

This was the uncertain status of the Calvo Clause when Señor Guerrero came to write his draft. He proposed to end the discussion, once and for all, by formally making the Calvo Clause a part of world law. Great business interests, of course, were at stake, and on the committee with him were the legal advisors of the British, French and Italian governments, to say nothing of Mr. George W. Wickersham, former Attorney-General of the United States. Nothing else in Señor Guerrero's draft was touched, but this section was instantly altered out of all recognition. The Latin American countries, when they learned what had happened, were very much disappointed. Since then, the United States has been the only nation on this hemisphere which took any interest in the preparations for the present conference.

Meantime, the committee of legal experts had begun work on two more subjects—nationality, and the rules of the sea having to do with the three mile limit, technically, the law of territorial waters. Mr. Wickersham had a great deal to say about the necessity for U. S. revenue cutters to pursue rum-runners wherever they found them—inside the three mile limit or outside on the high seas—and he was warmly supported by jurists from the Baltic countries—Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland and Soviet Russia—all of which then had prohibition, and rum-running troubles. The great importance of this subject, however, comes from the fact that it defines the limits within which a blockade can be legally maintained in case of another world war.

The subject of nationality has proved particularly difficult for the committee. As the recent case of Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, daughter of William Jennings Bryan, illustrated, the laws of the various nations at the present time are hopelessly conflicting. Mrs. Owen, dur-

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ing the War, married an English army officer, and became thereby an English subject. Later her husband died. By British law, Mrs. Owen continued to be British. By our law, she regained her American citizenship. In the last election, she ran for Congress from her district in Florida, and won. Her Republican opponent challenged her right to take her seat, and there was a long, bitter fight before the Committee of Privileges and Elections before Mrs. Owen's Americanism was admitted.

All European countries — except Soviet Russia and France—deny that a woman has any independent nationality of her own, apart from her husband. American and English feminists have gone to The Hague to demand that this ancient, patriarchal view of woman's position should not be written into world law. In preparing the feminists' case, Miss Doris Stevens, with the assistance of Dr. Alice Paul, leader of the militant campaign of suffrage during the Wilson administrations, undertook the examination of the legal codes of each of the eighty-four sovereign and semi-sovereign nations of the earth—an immense labor of love. The result of their work —besides an authoritative book on women's nationality which fills many hundred pages—was a proposed world code, saying simply that "the contracting Parties agree that upon the going into effect of this treaty there shall be no distinction based on sex in their law and practice relating to nationality."

Señor Guerrero's amended draft on "responsibility of states" was completed early in 1926, and the drafts on nationality and territorial waters were finished some months later. Detailed questionnaires, based on these drafts, were then submitted to the various governments, and the next two years were spent in waiting for the governments to reply. A number of modern political economists—the Englishman, Mr. Graham Wallas, for instance—have expressed doubts whether the human race, as a race, has sufficient mental capacity to manage its own destiny.

The governments of Norway and the Irish Free State, with charming frankness, explained that they did not understand such matters very well, and that they would prefer to wait to see what positions other nations took. The governments of Egypt and Siam tried to conceal their bewilderment by saying they would "reserve opinion." Hungary announced naïvely that it could not consent to change any of its own laws. Portugal, disregarding all other questions, wrote a long note saying that it was a country of poor fishermen, and would like to have the three mile limit extended to eighteen miles.

The replies of perhaps a half dozen governments, in all, showed competence and understanding. The note of the British government, written by its legal advisor, Sir Cecil Hurst, was a superb example of political common sense, and clear, hard thinking. The French reply of M. Fromageot, who, with Sir Cecil, has since been elected to the Permanent Court of International Justice, was equally satisfactory. The American reply was an amazing piece of work—a scholarly disquisition—filling as many pages as the replies of all the other governments put together.

After these replies had been received, the committee of legal experts prepared final drafts of their three proposed codes, thus consuming another year's time. Now, after eleven years of preparation, the nations are gathered at The Hague. There are innumerable technical details to be settled—what international jurists call "pretty points" of law—each of which is dear to the heart of some or another foreign office or state department. It will be difficult to secure an agreement, but if there is one, it will open up fascinating possibilities. The writing of world law will not prevent disputes among the nations, nor make the disputes any the less bitter. But what it will do is to present an easy, routine way of settling each dispute as it arises.

The United States, with its Federal system, shows how, in theory, a code of world law should function. Arizona, at the present time, is exceedingly angry with six other southwestern states. Arizona accuses them of trying to deprive it of its rightful share in the water and electric power which is to come from Boulder Dam. Long, bloody wars have been fought over less vital questions. Arizona is a sovereign state, and owes allegiance to no other than itself. Unless the dispute is settled first in some other


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### *Through a Glass Darkly*

**From the Trend of Events in Our Issue of April 12, 1950**

A Class A International Air Pilot License was awarded this week to Dwight Lindbergh.

Eleven thousand copies of Voltaire's *Candide* were officially burned last week on the tomb of the late Senator Reed Smoot.

The Senate debated the Carroll bill to organize, as a separate arm the Bacteriological Corps of the Army and Navy.

A specially constructed Fordgrandson truck conveyed to Washington last Thursday the recently collated data accumulated by the 1935 Federal Prohibition Fact-finding Commission.

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way, Arizona will take its case to the Supreme Court, and await the Supreme Court's decision.

The World War had its start in the murder, at Sarajevo, of the Austrian Archduke Ferdinand by the Serbian Comitadji, Princip. The Austro-Hungarian government immediately accused Serbia of complicity, and demanded various things in reparation. Serbia protested its innocence, and presently the War began.

The present meeting at The Hague has before it a proposed world law, which, in the barbarous phraseology of international jurists, reads as follows: "A state is responsible for damage by a private individual to the person or property of a foreigner, if the state failed to show in its protection of the person or property of the foreigner—having regard to the circumstances and any special status possessed by him—such diligence as should be expected from a civilized State."

Had such a world law been in existence in 1914, the guilt or innocence of Serbia would have been, at once, a legal, instead of a political, question. Did Serbia—having regard for the circumstance that Austrians were very unpopular, and that Ferdinand possessed the special status of heir-apparent to the Austro-Hungarian throne—provide him with police protection? How many gendarmes were assigned to guard him, and did they make a careful search for possible assassins? What, in the same circumstances, would police have done in Paris or Berlin? Austrian jurists would have presented proofs of Serbia's guilt before the Permanent Court of International Justice—or, more likely, before some special tribunal—and Serbian jurists would have presented proofs of their country's innocence.

In 1914, there was no established, routine way to handle disputes between nations. It is true that the so-called Hague Tribunal was in existence. This Hague Tribunal proved valueless, simply because it did not have behind it a system of universal agreed-on world law. International law—and the willingness of the nations to have recourse to it—is the only hopeful substitute for war.

## Compensation

*(Continued from Page 541)*

asked them to be sure the committee intended to do its very best for them, but that it wanted every one to continue to keep his head and not say or do anything except what it would ask. A little later the warden ordered us back to our cells; we went in perfect order, but I could see every one had to restrain his excitement and happiness. I did my best to keep thoughtful of what was ahead.

Three of the five members of the State Commission came in about an hour; the other two couldn't be reached. The commissioners first ordered that a meal be prepared and the men brought to the dining-room. At the end of the meal one of the commissioners came to the dining-room, said that the Commission would give the prisoners' committee an interview. The commissioners promised that the full Commission would give us a hearing within forty-eight hours and we agreed to tell the men to go back to work immediately.

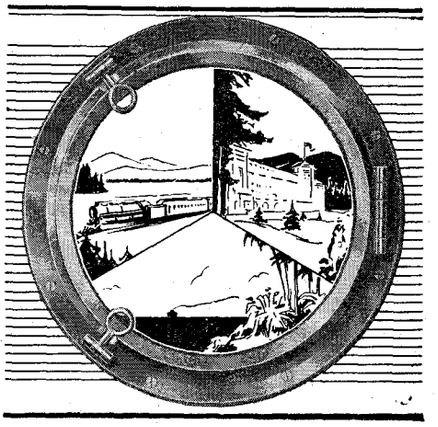
Two days later the full Commission came and gave our complaints a thorough hearing. They left promising to do even more than we had asked to improve conditions; and kept their promise. A dietitian was hired to train three long-term men as cooks, and the short-term men in the kitchen were replaced by long-term ones. Running water for washing was provided in the shops, and ice-water tanks were installed. The straw ticks used for sleeping in the county jail wing were replaced by cots. One of the members of the Commission came weekly for several weeks. "Everything all right?" he asked me each time. Although he didn't say so, I felt sure he meant to see that no retaliation against the committee should be attempted.

I saw no sign of a desire for retaliation. The deputy, after returning from his vacation, seemed more pleased than dissatisfied with what had happened. He kidded me about taking advantage of his absence and being "quite an orator." I thought he expected the warden to be fired and that he would get the job. The warden bulged into sight a few times in the yard with an aggrieved look on his puffed face. A month after the strike he was asked to resign.

The prisoners' praise and appreciation, whether I deserved it or not, helped to increase my renewed hope that I could really accomplish something in the future, really do something to help towards establishing the new world sure to come after the War. I decided that perhaps the best way I might help would be by trying to make prisons what they ought to be; I had done more thinking about that than anything else. If I made a good record in the army and came out alive I'd have a chance to get a hearing for what I might have to say.

*(To Be Continued)*

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



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# With Our Readers

## An Alabaman Objects

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* *Brooklyn*

DEAR SIR:

For Senator Heflin I hold no brief whatsoever. Nor for the Ku Klux, nor even for Prohibition, about which you are so wise, and it may be added, so unfair. But as an Alabaman, I deeply resent your editorial statement in the issue of February 26th about Alabamans.

You say: "About 70% of the farms are worked by tenants, where average income in money is $15 a month. Bitten by jealousy and fear of negro competition, these people need Heflin's assurance that as whites they are superior to blacks." Any such assertion could come only from one woefully ignorant of southern conditions.

Evidently you do not know that of the "70% of tenant farmers" 80% are negroes; doubtless you do know that few negroes in Alabama vote, since that fact is another of your obsessions. These tenant farmers, negroes, are "on their own," so whatever income they get is the result of their own efforts. A tropical stock, negroes are easy-going and improvident. Herded as they are in the agricultural part of the state, outnumbering the whites in some sections 8 to 1, they work when, as, and if it so pleases them, quite free from any direction by whites. It may be said they get along amazingly well. At least they are too care-free to bother about it. But the point is that their income is just what their skill and foresight and the exigencies of farming assure.

The animus of your last sentence, however, is what is particularly objectionable. The first statement is merely a misstatement; the last is a bit of venom. "Jealousy?" Jealous of what? "Negro competition?" In what field? Needing assurance that "as whites they are superior to blacks?" My imagination cannot conjure up a southern white with any such complex. It is another case of "there ain't no such animal." I have certainly known some blacks who were superior to some whites, but such a thought had never occurred to the latter, and never could occur. You forget the enormous, imponderable weight of social pressure, and certainly in the South there has never been any such possible conception as you suggest.

As a matter of speculation, it is interesting to wonder just what influences have supported Senator Heflin; the Klan doubtless, and the industrial population in the northern part of the state. The primary system has done for Alabama just what it has for other states,—thrust into the political arena men of a calibre not possible under the oldest system. Whoever and whatever his supporters may be though, it can be writ large that not one of them has ever been actuated by any such need for "assurance" as you allege . . .

FRANCIS C. HIGGINS

## Bigger Business

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* *New York*

DEAR SIR:

In your review of "People vs. Wall Street" you admit that the facts presented are well documented, but you conclude that they produce evidence of the superiority of the American over the Russian system. I am quite willing to grant that superiority, but contend that the facts show that Big Business is utterly selfish, and that it would be consistent with American ideals to amend the Constitution of the United States to prevent the continued rapacity of predatory profiteers from ruining our country.

WILLIAM FLOYD

## Top or Bottom in Boston

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* *Minneapolis*

DEAR SIR:

In an article, "Boston Sees the Joke," by Richard H. Warner, a Bostonian, I do not agree with the following:

"At the top are the Lowells, symbolic of all that is considered the best in social life and Boston tradition, at the bottom are the Sullivans, representatives of the Irish Catholics."

Has Mr. Warner forgotten that Washington turned Boston over to Gen. O'Sullivan during or at the close of the Revolutionary War? Surely he knows the Copleys and Amorys of Boston trace their ancestry to Gen. O'Sullivan, at least I have read it if my memory serves me correctly. During the Revolutionary War there were no Catholic churches in Boston, so we did not hear much about them, but many Catholic men served in the Revolutionary War, among them the Sullivans from the south of Ireland. I too am a native of Boston.

NELLIE F. CLIFFORD

## Reply to Miss Kennedy

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* *Clinton*

DEAR SIR:

A "heart-balm" column may be helpful and providential to some timid, love-sick young lady who needs advice as to whether she shall "Ask the 'boy-friend' in or not," but whether said column should be of any particular assistance to Miss Kennedy in her article, "Our Moral Young People," is exceedingly doubtful. The patronizers of such a column are socially and intellectually but one class and type of the "younger generation." They are a type of the so-called "poorer class" who are as immoral as the rest of us but who clothe this "characteristic" in an exterior of uppish priggishness. They never have a thought in their heads or they certainly would never write to a "heart-balm" column to have their minds made up for them. They are one type which it is possible to cite as hampered by "false values, mistaken loyalties, and the imitative desire to deviate in no way from their fellows."

. . . It does not seem to me that Miss Kennedy has considered the huge collegiate attendance accurately or sufficiently. Although the young men and women whom Miss Kennedy writes of may be the "back-bone" of the country in the future, the college man is at least both supposed and expected to be its future head. . .

I have a suspicion that Miss Kennedy still thinks the word "collegiate" still means loud socks, wide trousers and narrow, empty minds, while it really enjoys quite a respectable connotation at present. The "mucker" is no more. Studies have risen in value; books are read; concerts are attended—the best that has been and is being said and thought in the world is receiving its due . . . There is considerable intelligent, shockingly radical, perhaps, talk on religion, prohibition, drinking, books, sex, studies—whatnot, in fact.

JOHN MEAD

## Shades of Omar Khayyam

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* *Oakland*

DEAR SIR:

God pity the poor California grape grower in parlous times like these!

Nevertheless, notwithstanding and yet, Clemens Horst hit the well-known and justly celebrated nail squarely with his delicately ironical hammer in his article in your issue of the 12th.

Clemens never yet has been (to borrow *Literary Digest* spelling and split a verb to smithereens) *unhorst* by the blithering inconsistencies of the rabid Drys. He and his sense of humor are, as traditionally, still in the saddle.

To be sure, the poor downtrodden California grape growers are all hot and bothered over the impending Federal helping hand. And how! I remember when ('way back yonder in 1919) one of the poor downtrodden up Stockton way who had, as I remember, a hundred and sixty acres of fertile land covered with producing wine-grape vines tore up his grape vines and uprooted a lot of his hair at the same time. Prohibition had just prohibited, and all he could see was ruination and the immediate loss of the ten or fifteen dollars a ton that land had added annually to his bankroll.

"Came the dawn." And when it dawned on that chap that his neighbors (who had played the watchful-waiting game) were drawing down prices up around a hundred dollars a ton for their wine grapes—well, we draw the curtain of charity and tolerance and sympathy o'er the scene. If he cussed the houn'-dawg and kicked the cat, who can blame him?

Ain't Prohibition wonderful?

ADDISON N. CLARK

## A Fine Compliment

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* *Binghamton*

DEAR SIR:

It is all very well to give the best views attainable of both sides of the mooted questions that are engrossing public attention, but quite another thing to express an editorial decision after fairly weighing the evidence. This last is *leadership* in the true sense. I have missed this for some little time in the past; but now extend my congratulations on the decided and well fortified opinion expressed on the Prohibition Amendment.

I am in hearty sympathy with your views for two reasons:

1. Virtue must always be a matter of voluntary choice, and can never be attained by prohibitive legislation. We were making very real and substantial gains in the direction of *temperance* during the twenty years prior to the amendment. This has been lost under Prohibition.

2. The Constitution is not the proper place to embody legislation. It may be said that the Bill of Rights is the soul and spirit of the Constitution, and should never be contravened or impaired by unconstitutional constitutional amendments.

C. H. HITCHCOCK

## Strong Support

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* *Rochester*

DEAR SIR:

Remembering the Outlook as I saw it as a youngster, I am quite impressed with your editorial, "Repeal the Eighteenth Amendment." I admire your fortitude and I am glad to see so clean an influence, as yours, enlisted against the worst foe of law and order that this country has ever had—prohibition.

MARK S. STANBRO

## The Governor of Idaho

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* *Boise*

DEAR SIR:

. . . In your statements favoring the repeal of the prohibition amendment, you say, "We are aware, of course, that our purpose entails a long, hard and bitter fight. We have no illusions on that score. But to say it cannot be achieved, is to say this country is no longer a republic."

I quote this comment, and agree with the thought expressed, but would not use it as you have done, as it most surely applies to the control of the liquor traffic. I well remember the conditions in saloon days, and know quite well the conditions now. The question is—*what* shall we do and *how far* shall we go to protect men from the evils of the liquor traffic? There is no question in the mind of any reasonable man about that, evidenced by the fact that in all the past we have been compelled to regulate the traffic strictly, controlling the use with a stern hand, that life itself might be protected. Simply because men in every state in the union want liquor, and get it, is no reason why they should have it. Men in every state in the union want many things, and get them, which the law says "you cannot have." Yet, we never think of repealing the law because this happens; but, on the other hand, increase police force to protect public welfare.

Until some one comes forward with a constructive suggestion to remedy conditions, showing conclusively it is a better plan than we now have, I shall feel it my duty to support prohibition. Going back to the saloon is not the answer, as we have tried that, and all know the situation that then prevailed.

Nearly all articles against prohibition—many well written—fail to offer any constructive plan to replace it, which we must secure before we destroy what we have.

H. C. BALDRIDGE,
(Governor of Idaho)

## And That's That

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* *Detroit*

DEAR SIR:

The Outlook at one time was conducted by honest, God-fearing men. The devil has led you into the camp of the Wets. In the words of St. John the Divine, "I spue thee out of my mouth."

S. H. KNIGHT

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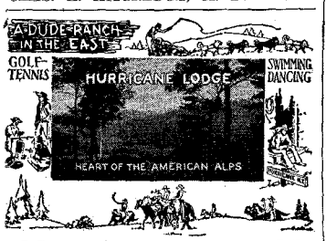


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# With Our Readers

## Birth Control and Politics

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* *Gallipolis*

DEAR SIR:

Apropos to the subject of birth control with or without war, as suggested in the current Outlook, is the fact that it is practiced by the wrong people. Dean Inge in his essay, "The Birth Rate," declares control "emphatically a matter in which every man and woman must judge for themselves, and must refrain from judging others."

But there's another angle to birth control. Instead of more of it in general, we need it in particular among those who are below the average in intelligence. Dr. Albert Edward Wiggam, of New York, last week said to the New York association of biology teachers:

"Morons are multiplying much faster than college professors, business men or skilled workers. If you take 1,000 Harvard or Yale graduates, at the present birth-rate there will be only fifty descendants of theirs left within six generations. But 1,000 unskilled workmen, at the present rate, would have 100,000 descendants within the same period."

Dr. Wiggam says we are going out of our way to help the physically and mentally unfit through the charitable institutions to prolong their lives and propagate their kind. Can there be any doubt of this? How can American intelligence increase with birth-control confined to the intelligent, and a total absence of it among the population that never rises above mediocrity? Wiggam thinks society is dying at the top, that the average of intelligence is declining and that moral character sinks with it.

All animals rise or fall—man included—according to their breeding. Here is a condition worth the attention of forward looking scientific men. It is, in fact, a political problem.

W. G. SIBLEY

## Capital Punishment

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* *Glendale*

DEAR SIR:

In the "Autobiography of an Ex-Thief," the father and son both paid the price for their successful but dishonest conspiracy to exploit the Street Railway Company through perjured testimony.

The father, with a proper contempt for such an unprincipled act, could have probably impressed the son at his then immature age of the necessity of a sense of rectitude and all it implies.

The point of this is—will the time ever arrive when maudlin sympathy for habitual criminals cease, and such legislation be effected as to warrant, as murderers, their demise—extinguishment by painless asphyxiation or otherwise—provision then being made to consign them to the refuse pile where they belong?

Too brutalizing, you remark?

Irrespective of the criminal's protest, a painless, everlasting sleep is certainly more compassionate than ever recurring penitentiary sentences, subjecting the law abiding to their machinations during their short intervals of freedom.

Think of the savings in the cost to the state and the utilization of such funds for constructive purposes.

CHARLES S. BAILEY

## Hollywood Morals

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* *New York*

DEAR SIR:

After reading "Our Moral Young People" in the March 19 issue of the Outlook and Independent, in which Miss Kay Kennedy described the current younger generation as "moral, conservative, narrow and dull," the movie department voluntarily admits with humility and bitterness that, until recently, Hollywood's insistent, sticky-sweet morality has done more to damage, stunt, injure, impair, dissipate and emasculate the moral and social character of this country than any other single force. And as for those kindly people who say the films are making gunmen of little boys, I suggest that, for every single lad who has learned about crime from films, a million hapless, adolescent girls have absorbed cock-eyed, pink-plush-kiss-kiss conceptions of marriage from these same movies. One little gunman will soon grow up and, happily, be bumped off by his brother gunmen before he does much damage—but the million girls will grow up with Pollyanna ideals of marriage and set to divorcing their husbands as soon as convenient.

Fortunately the talkies are bringing the films a little nearer life. Marriage now appears as more of a serious problem and less of a gilded-bathtub racket.

CREIGHTON PEET

## How to Handle Communists

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* *Portland*

DEAR SIR:

Please accept my thanks for your brave words respecting the brutality of the New York Police March 6th, and the vindicating of Mrs. Dennett. I shall follow your advice and cut out this article for preservation. Our Mayor Baker also did a sensible thing. He met the unemployed on March 6th and stated that while he had no sympathy with Communism he had for the unemployed. And as token of his sincerity immediately started measures for their relief.

S. H. THOMPSON

## Answering Senator Brookhart

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* *Princeton*

DEAR SIR:

I have been reading with a great deal of interest the opinions of your readers on the subject of Prohibition. In your issue of March 19 is a letter from Senator Brookhart of Iowa on which I should like to comment.

Senator Brookhart is attempting to solve the enforcement problem logically, but he disregards some facts and misinterprets others. I wish to question the truth of his statement that the agitation of newspapers and magazines is the chief cause of the present laxness and law-violation. The causes are many, of course, but it seems significant to me that Senator Brookhart admits that Prohibition was a great success when left to the states and is not such a great success as a national law. If one is seeking broad, general causes for the failure of Prohibition, this fact cannot be ignored or refuted. Prohibition was progressing rapidly before it was made a national law, and once a national law its progress was halted.

This fact necessarily persuades a clear thinking person that Prohibition would be more successful if left to the choice of the states. The wets would then be satisfied and the drys would be free to carry on their state campaigns which were going so successfully until they forced matters prematurely by making Prohibition a national law. The logical and already proven successful method of securing Prohibition is persuasion by argument, not coercion by national law. The failure of Prohibition lies chiefly in the methods of prohibitionists and not, as Senator Brookhart would have it, in the agitation of newspapers and magazines. Ignoble methods of enforcement naturally call forth agitation from the press. Prohibition is a noble cause but ignobly enforced. If it had a fair chance when left to the states, then leave it to the states. The senator is unwittingly presenting arguments for state choice and enforcement.

If you disregard Senator Brookhart's statement that it is of little value to compare one prohibition era with another prohibition era—that is, if you compare state prohibition to prohibition under a national law—state Prohibition proves to be more successful. Senator Brookhart has admitted it. Logic demands, then, that the drys abandon national prohibition and go back to their more successful method of effecting Prohibition through state laws. It is the dictatorial manner of national Prohibition which people resent; states' rights would eliminate this.

In response to Senator Brookhart's sweeping statement that "you have no comparison with open saloons in the whole country" I can at any time personally conduct him to innumerable "speakeasies" which differ from pre-war saloons only in that the peephole has replaced the swinging door. Any stranger can enter these places; poor men can be seen drunk there at all hours. I have been to places where gin can be purchased for twenty-five cents a quart. The poor man now drinks bad gin where he used to drink beer. These are facts which the senator cannot deny; I can show him these places at any time. He can ignore these facts—and will. Senator Brookhart has the failing of most prohibitionists—he ignores facts, argues away facts, and misinterprets facts. As long as the drys refuse to recognize this, Prohibition will be unsuccessful.

A PRINCETON UNDERGRADUATE

## Pleasing the People

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* *Lafeer, Mich.*

DEAR SIR:

"If you want to please the people, tell them what they already believe."

Your recent article on "Repeal the Eighteenth Amendment" pleases me immensely and I want to commend your courageous stand on this question.

NEVA E. LOUKS

## Pussyfoot Corner

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* *Orange*

DEAR SIR:

. . . Your issue of March 19, 1930, institutes the Pussyfoot Corner. May I nominate as a first candidate the Outlook and Independent. On that most controversial of all public questions, this nominee would express no definite stand for months and months, except by such inference as might be drawn from slighting and backhand remarks in the "Trend of Events." It took, you will remember, the time from your consolidation up to last month for you to inform your readers where you stood. Surely, you cannot now blame slow-minded and fumbling politicos if they stand and express themselves most indefinitely. You do not expect *them* to come to a conclusion in less time than did the smug and learned Outlook and Independent.

Another reason for this nomination is that you have not been definite, you have "straddled, walked the fence, ducked and dodged," and still fail to express opinions or "express opinions calculated to please everybody and anger nobody." Cf. Outlook and Independent, March 19, page 453, 1st column, reading "while the country repeals the Eighteenth Amendment and substitutes an enforceable system of control for an unenforceable system of prohibition." Isn't that rather loose talk? To what does the Outlook refer? Let us in on your day-dream or your secret.

We haven't yet heard from you of any such "enforceable system of control." How does it work? Will it? And why do you think so?

WILLIAM A. LORD, JR.

*Editors' Note*—Although the Outlook and Independent spent considerable time in investigating Prohibition before definitely advocating repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, it has never "straddled, walked the fence, ducked and dodged" in connection with any question. At times we have been complimented for constructive leadership. At other times we have been variously described as "rum smugglers," "baby pinchers"—even as an "abortive abomination." Such abusive criticism, we feel, certainly clears us of the charge of expressing opinions "calculated to please everybody and anger nobody." Mr. Lord's attempt to hoist us with our own petard would indicate that he is none too well pleased.

## Solution at Last

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* *Princeton*

DEAR SIR:

For many years my grandfather then my father took the Independent, then the Outlook. I gave it up because it bored me.

Now, you are using your skill to kill a movement for the betterment of the race.

Of course no good thing can be carried through if good people—so called—so vigorously oppose it. I wish all those who wish for liquor could be put on the Lincoln Highway and all the drunken drivers cut loose on them, then I think they would try and help to have the laws enforced.

JEANNETTE CARTER MILLER

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